



Mathew Stevenson

The printers proffitt not my pride  
hath this Idea finify'd.

For he pusht out the marrie pay  
and M<sup>r</sup> Gaywood made it gay.



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*Occasions Offspring*  
OR  
P O E M S  
UPON  
Severall O C C A S I O N S

By *Mathew Stevenson.*

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius desideras*



L O N D O N.  
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To my best Friend and  
courteous Cosen Mr. Ben-  
jamin Cook all good wishes.

SIR,

**W** Our candid Interpretati-  
ons of these conceits se-  
verally, hath animated  
mee to a gleaning them up toge-  
ther; and betrai'd you to a Dedi-  
cation, they say, *Quæ prosunt sin-*  
*gula, multa juvant.* Nor is it un-  
usuall, for men of my condition,  
in this nature, to repend the good  
nature of their munificent friends

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

However, did my starres promise mee any other requite, This trifling barke (ballanced with scarce any thing but sand and stones) should to the fortune of the doubtfull waves without a Palinure: in hope, either the shores would protect the shallow, or the deep drown it, out of sight, and time, out of minde. I confesse I can look upon it, no otherwise then a degree of impudence, to obtrude that upon your patronage which I my selfe have scarce confidence to owne: Nevertheless, deigne it your accept, since, though you finde in it (probably) nothing good, you may yet assure  
your

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

your self of the good will, and good intents of him, that resolves to leave nothing unattempted, might any wayes render him

Sir,

*Your most gratefull servant,*

**M. STEVENSON.**

---

**A 3** Reader,

---

The Epistle Dedicatory

R E A D E R.

**I** Hite here drawn up, a Poetick party of Pegasean pulfries in the new Artillary ground of this book, which as they now stand in close order, under the colours, and command of the Book-binder: seems no lesse unanimous, then uniforme; but upon a little examination, you shall finde them Pro and con, round and royall, and like the Cadmean Upstarts sheathing their weapons in each others entrails. Many of them I must tell you are Amazonian Archers fighting under the banner of their winged Generall; Others under the carelesse flags of fancy for the merry halfe Crownes: *Aequa Venus Teucris, Pallis iniquia fuit.* Others are at their guard, and wall in themselves with the stones of their obdurate hearts, of whom the Poet saies. *Et dicam silices pectus habere.* If you chance (as I can not hope but you will)

Either

either in mine or the Printers oversight,  
meet some lame Sculdiers, I hope they shall  
likewise meet your charity. For the times,  
being like them, e'res humoursome, they  
seeme to promise me some approve; provi-  
ded the Proverb hold true, Like to like.  
But what need I feare to mount that brain  
sick stage, where even lyes and Libells, un-  
der the new fangled notion of news, passe  
as currant as our coine, for my part,  
I am not so in love with my owne sca-  
thers, as to think them worthy a terse eare,  
or an ingenious eye: Nor doe I yet so ab-  
dicate my owne ability, but that I judge  
my fa'nes, as much above your contempt,  
as beneath your envy.

---

To

To the Author my very  
loving Cos. Mr. M. Stevenson.

**C**OS. I confesse, and thou knowst I am one  
That never yet had tast of Helicon.  
Yet those loose ares that I did lately glean  
From the full Harvest of thy fruitfull pen,  
I here returne thee; knowing the so kinde  
Thou wilt my love: and not my language  
minde.

Trust mee Cos. this course paper I designe  
Not as a grace, but soyle to set off thine.  
For I am certaine theres no care so terse  
But will be ravisht with thy smoother verse.  
But hold; I must thy just applausse refraine  
For that, Part of my blood runs in thy  
veyne.

Yet they will pardon this poore God a mercie,  
That note how many Poems point at

R. C.

To

ry To the inimitable Poet, My  
honour'd friend,

The *AUTHOR*.

**B**Ut must I pen thy prayse my noble friend  
That were a task would never have an  
end.

I'de have thy golden Poems writ in Gold  
Thy names great title in fames list enrold.  
Virgill no more shall Prince of Poets be  
But thou; Hee's but a petty Prince to thee.  
He to the grove where freshest Laurels grow  
And plait a wreath my self to crown thy brow.

H. A.

---

it, To my Ingenious friend, the  
*AUTHOR*,

C. **A**Nd must I adde my mite Deare Steven-  
son,

I know thou wilt accept it, well? tis done.  
Faith I can't tell while I thy lines read ore  
Whether I love thee! Or admire the more.

Thy

Thy books not fraught with tales of Robin  
hood.

But lofty fancy, By the Lord tis good:  
Thy sweet-tipp'd Muse most ample test doth  
give,  
Of high events, and I say let her Live.

N. B.

---

To my most esteemed friend,  
The A U T H O R.

✓ TELL me no more of Withers wilde abuses  
Thy book a thousand times more wit produ-  
ces.

Withers shall wither, whilst thy bayes are seen  
Like Daphnes Chapplet of immortall green;

F. B.

---

To his very good friend  
The A U T H O R.

I Have perus'd thy book in which I finde  
The perfect portrait of thy noble minde.

I must confesse I once was one of those  
Did both suspect thy poesie, and prose.  
But having read thee too, as well as it  
I am thy Wittness, t'was thine owne pure witt.  
And therefore shall even for thy sake alone  
Conclud, Minerva weares a colour'd gowne.

R. D.

*In Honorem Authoris.*

Not that I think that thy Aonian wine  
Has any need of this poore bush of mine.  
But that in some small measure yet I might  
Exrpress the love I owe thee, I must writ  
And prayse thy fluent fancy that attaines  
To that with ease, which others can't with pains  
Many of these thy Poems did I see  
Drop from thy ready pen Ex tempore.  
And fitly cal'd Occasions of spring waist  
For the *τὸ νῦν* of time flew not more fast:  
Did the conceit come even twixt Cup and Lip.  
It was thine owne occasion could not slip  
Whence I me convinc'd that poetri's a spirit,  
Which except heaven infuse none can inherit.

Thine yea thine

T. H.





# Occasions Off-spring.

O R,

## P O E M S,

Upon severall Occasions.

*To Her that loves me.*



Way with fond Hyperbolies,  
 Subliming dust to Deities.  
 I purpose but to say y're faire,  
 As Envie must confess you are:  
 If you were not; you should not h're  
 My praise, should knees couch your  
 (desire.

But you are: so, which to deny  
 Can be no less then Heresie.  
 Doubtless the Queen of beauty was,  
 But like your self some peerless Lasse:  
 Till by her Cyprian Zelots she  
 Mounted the stile of deitie.  
 Had you liv'd then, I really do  
 Resume y'had been a Goddess too.

B.

F.

For in your features men may see  
 The God of Loves artillery  
 Your curling Tresse, is all the bow  
 The wanton wars with, here below.  
 His fire-locks too, the world espy,  
 Presented in your sparkling eye:  
 Your fame's his Trumpet, and men seek  
 His banner in your bashfull cheek.  
 Your pearly rows at every smile,  
 Like *Cadmus* Troops stand ranck and file.  
 If then so fair a front appear,  
 Doubt not, there's somewhat in the rear:  
 But tis not fit we further look,  
 Since Nature's pleas'd to shut the book:  
 Howere I hope I sha'nt displease her,  
 To guess what I see not hid treasure.

*Nil non laudabile vidi.*

*To my Gay Charola.*

I.

**Y**OU cannot love; for shame  
 Come blush your self into a penitent flame:  
 Does the choice flowre resist  
 Because the fairest? no, enjoy't that list:  
 ✓ Or the eye-taking fruit,  
 Plead not yet ripe? away, there needs no  
 Why women are as truly ours, (suir,  
 To be enjoy'd as fruit, or flowres.  
 But tis our fault  
 That we exalt  
 Them so, that they reboll against our powres  
 Come

2.

COme, come, yet I affect yee, (yee  
 If you can't love again ; Let me direct  
 'Tmay be 'cause you are fair,  
 And levigable as the downy aire;  
 You stand upon't, you will not yeeld,  
 But Phoenix-like your self will build.  
 Do so, and then  
 Repent agen ; (fair field.  
 When Autumne hath possess'd your own

3.

BUT oh behold I woo  
 VWho should command, I beg and  
 My *Charala* admires, (glad on't too.  
 Since she is Ice, I so complain of fires.  
 Had she a flaming Dart, (cold heart.  
 She would improv't to warm her own  
 Ah me, does not Dame nature stint  
 Her flame-begetting sparks to flint?  
 Pray do but feel  
 The stone-cold steel;  
 And if you can say there's no fire within'r,

4.

BUT ah my vaine complaint!  
 My Obsequies attend a scornfull Saint.  
 Water by dropping oft  
 Is wont to make the hardest marble soft:  
 But my moist eyes procure,  
 No gentlenes, but rather make obdure.  
 But I have done my do, for I  
 Find all things meete in misery.

B 2

And to survive  
In vain I strive;  
Since I have seen an Angel, I must dye.

## 5.

How dye? why so, did not  
The Queen of Beauty on *Adonis* dote?  
And *Paris* confident eyes,  
Survey the features of three Deities?  
Ah but far more divine,  
Is my fair Saint then *Paris* triviall Prince;  
Whom while I court, my hopes but reare  
A fancy'd Castle in the Aire,  
Not unlike those  
That do suppose  
Their wish effected in a falling Star.

*Credo equidem nec vana fides genus esse  
dearum.*

*Love-sick Lucilla to her unkinde  
Shepherd.*

AND must I dye? and must I dye for love?  
For love, that makes me like the Gods above?  
If I must dye, what need these flames? belike  
You'll execute me as an Heretique  
But *Momus* teach me a new A. B. C.  
If firm, and faithfull love be heresie:  
If death must be the doom of love; pray what  
Shall be the sentence of novercall hate?  
If zealous love merit a mortall curse,  
Sure hate, a cold devotion merits worse.

Yet how unjust is this? stories relate  
 Many that dy'd for love, but none for hate.  
 Is there no Herb that may my griefs remove,  
 No Antidote 'gainst this hot poyson Love?  
 Pitty yee Gods, pittie my youth, and beauty,  
 See how each Organ buckles to his duty.  
 Cannot my prayers; cannot my tears prevail  
 What, shall my sighs, my sobs, my groans all fail?  
 Where is the Sisters thrift that goes about  
 To cut my Thread ere it be half drawn out?  
 Let me but see the twilight of my age,  
 And then persue the utmost of your rage:  
 Why was *Lucina* present at my birth,  
 Whilst the propitious Gods promis'd me mirth?  
 Why came glad *Hymen* with his Tapour light  
 To mock me with the hopes of nuptiall night?  
 And why was *Venus* then ascendent; why  
 Did all the Graces grace me since I dye?  
 But while I thus in vain urge my complaint,  
 I loose my breath, Ah me I faint, I faint.

*Desiccam parvi temporis adde moram.*

---

To *Abstemio*.

I.

I Never was in love,  
 Nor will be for my part,  
 I never felt the Archer move;  
 Alas he has no dart  
 Or else no eyes to hit my heart.

B 3

2.

AND yet doth love I vow,  
In this my bosome reign;  
Put I protest 'tis not with you;  
Pardon me, Sir, I tell you plain,  
Tis with *Diana's* Maiden train.

3.

AND though I lend an eare  
When you present your Ditty,  
Presume not I affect your geare,  
Of you, that would seem witty;  
Good faith tis not in love, but pittie.

4.

Hence then poor flatterers,  
I am, and will be free:  
Like those Celestiall Choristers,  
He hugg my liberty;  
Tis that, and only that please me.

### ✓ Phyllis Funerall.

Come now my Lambs your selves address  
Unto your dying Shepheardess.  
Your appetites awhile adjourn,  
And pay your duty to my Urne.  
In life my flock I follow'd thee,  
In death I prethee follow me.  
Come therefore twenty Lambs in black,  
White twice twenty at their back.

Twelve

Twelve sable Ewes like Widows poore  
 Shall as my mourners go before  
 Six Weathers shall my bearours be  
 Arraid in *Negro's* Liverie,  
 As dark as night, and six againe,  
 As white as wooll support my train:  
 With silver tipps let every horne,  
 Our sad and solemne state adorne,  
 Crescent as Phæbes, let each front,  
 VVear a fresh Cypress wreath upon't  
 Let no rude russet here be seen,  
 Nor bloody redd; But flourishing green,  
 Lamb black, and purest white, These three,  
 Summe up my perfect Elegie,  
 The black (my Lambs) doth signifie  
 My losse of life: your losse of mee.  
 The white does unto you relate  
 My innocence: and Virgin state,  
 The green does to the world proclaime  
 My life in my immortall fame.  
 Now let mee shew yee my intent  
 In my last Will and Testament.

First I this better part of mine  
 To the Elizian shades resigne  
 And whence I had it, I bequeath  
 To the next aire my borrow'd breath  
 Fire shall again have what it lent,  
 And water to her Element,  
 Shall have recourse. All shall returne,  
 My ashes also to my Urne:  
 In the next place I here dispencc  
 Unto my Lambs my innocence.  
 Moreover I assigne to them  
 The grasse green Meadow last nights dream  
 Presented mee, My Kamms are they  
 Shall have my *Cornucopia*.

Item, I leave my Virgins Zone  
 Unto the Bud as yet unblown.  
 My Purple Veynes resign to you  
 Sweet Violets their azure hue.  
 My blushes to the Rose I give  
 My white shall in the Lilly live:  
 My golden Tresses shall repaite  
 The ruines of lost Maiden hair.  
 My Globes of light after this life  
 Shall wait on *Phobus* and his wife.  
 My lofty my Majestick front  
 I leave to *Judas* sublime Mont.  
 The Cherry, or the Ruby rather  
 The tincture from my lips shall gather.  
 This breast opposing th' other, puts  
 Me so in mind of *Capids* Buts.  
 I cannot but to him demise  
 The place so fit for exercise.  
 Lastly (such as they wont receive)  
 Mine armes I to embraces leave:  
 And now yee know what my last will is,  
 Farewell my Flock, say farewell *Phittis*.

*Plano singulis ore.*

A young Gentleman to his Lady, who  
 looks upon him as too immature.

MADAM,

I Love you, should I not do so,  
 I were an Anchorite and my Breast like Snow.

Yes I do love, and humbly here commence  
 Affection ushered in with Reverence,  
 Deigne but your-lilly hand, No bold desire  
 Shall wing up my ambition any higher,  
 Nay if that be too much, let me decry  
 My audeness chastiz'd in your scornful eye.  
 I must confess these early years of mine  
 May look on, but not love Women nor Wine:  
 Not love sayd I? who can but love a face  
 So winning unles of *Deucalions* race?  
 Yet while I love and in my breast enshrine yee  
 It don't to pittie, but contempt incline yee:  
 Nature will lend my lip a cloak, And than  
 I may profess, I want not zeal, though man;  
 My stature small, And *Cupid* cannot find  
 Me yet; Shrubs loose th' advantage of the wind:  
 Yet should I love thus young, I might produce  
 Such presidents would warran my excuse;  
 And yours too, *Sappho* sum'd up all her joy  
 In the embrace of a *Cicilian* boy  
 The Queen of *Greece* lov'd *Theseus* but a Lad,  
 And *Cytharea* her *Adonis* had.  
 Nay, Love himself that God, is but a Child,  
 Shall I then be for want of years exil'd?  
 Yea I have heard fair Damsels say, In truth  
 Of all that love, give me the smooth-chid'd Youth.  
 True I am young, and thence I dare approve  
 My non-acquaintance with the flights of love.  
 You are that wounded me the first, and all:  
 Blame me not then that come at the first call.

---

To Amabunda.

B Ut dost belive in faith that I  
 Loy'd thee? faith thou beliv'st a lye:

Extinguish therefore thy desire  
 Ere it becomes unruly fire,  
 For thy flames work but the same way  
 With mee as the hot Sun on clay.  
 No thou must take thy heeles, and flee,  
 If thou wouldst have mee follow thee,

*Fugis insequor.*

### To Suavia.

Not love you, whom the world confess  
 The miracle of prettinesse?  
 That were an humour to disguise  
 My reason, and betray my Eyes:  
 Nee, not, without dissimulation  
 Your beauty is too strong temptation  
 Had I not found you the rare thee,  
 Y'had liv'd unlov'd, unmov'd by mee;  
 I cannot court a common face,  
 Enrich'd with only one poor grace,  
 A forehead handsome, smooth, and high  
 A lovely Lip, or Chin, or Eye:  
 But pardon *Suavia* if I Love  
 You, In whom all these graces move  
 Designe then one gentle smile on mee,  
 Who will your constant *Umbra* be,  
 So long as either I have eyes,  
 Or you have wherewith to surprize.  
 Choose Madam then which you think best,  
 Either hard favour: or soft breast.

*Aut faciem mutes, aut ne sis dura necesse est.*

*An Answer to the Song call'd faire  
Archybella to whose eyes, &c.*

*My dearest,*

**A**rchybella's Eyes  
Though nere so faire shall not despise  
But owne thy loyall sacrifice.

2.

Suppose her cruell, And a while  
Hir frownes like midnight, day exile  
Tis noon again, if you but smile.

3.

Wee like our lodging and protest  
So you provide a faithfull breast  
To vew our self your constant guest.

4.

Nor need you feare since you impart,  
Your wounds so fresh, but we have are  
And Balsam too, to ease your smart.

5.

Let not a thought that death may give  
Molest thee, doubt not thou to live,  
If smiles or teares may but reprove.

6.

Dread not my deare so dire a doome  
Forbid it heaven the hower should come,  
That thou shouldst suffer Martyrdome.

*The Answer to Well-well tis true, &c.*

**W**ell, well tis true, That I have lov'd a fool  
and it is you:

But since I plainly see  
Whilst I in pitty lend a smile,  
You make me conscious all the while  
Of your Idolatry.

I'll henceforth squib your Wildfire flames and  
The adoration of an Ass (scorne  
So foolishly forlorne.

## 2.

Come, come be wise and dally not with Ladies  
(charmfull eyes,  
The Magazine from whence  
Love armes himself, the Stars I say  
Are bright and powrfull too, but they  
Have no such influence.

We set us down in Titans glittering shine,  
Reciprocating beame, for beame  
Where Stars their heads decline.

## 3.

Whilst yee like fools to deific us pump and dreine  
For an Hyperboly: (your Schools  
Presuming that yee highly please  
Our Sex to stile us Goddesses,

Alas we know yee lye  
VVe are but flesh and blood though our bright eyes  
Surprising your insatiate sense

Yee deem us Deities,

But

**B**ut since that Fate has drawn me to the trouble  
 I'll not my labour loose (of thy price  
 For Hee make use of thine own plot  
 To let thee know I love thee not.  
 Well, or ill take it, choole,  
 And therefore Ile go get me a new bar,  
 To rid my Chamber of such Apes  
 Such Toyes as Sutors are,

**G**o love your wine, and all your Muses, nine and  
 (nine times nine

So you will not love me  
 For me I love my Dog, my Cat  
 Nay I would love I care not what  
 So it may not be thee  
 Love you your laughing and your quaffing Crew  
 I love my Country and my King  
 But hate such fools as you,

---

*The Virgin Canticle to Gerrard.*

I.

**A** Vantye false Intruders that my Chamber haue  
 Good faith I can't  
 No nor I will not listen to your love  
 No more will I though you would give me all your  
 Unbolt my door (store  
 You do but rocks and senseless marble (move  
 For well, yea too too well I tan your perjur'd flo-  
 There's no faith left in your ry tell  
 In mens false breasts:

Therefore farewell, farewell.

Tis

( 14 )

2.

Tis true, I was so foolish once as to Love you,  
But now I rue  
I ever yeilded unto such an ague.  
But yet, I'de have you know my friend though I did  
One burning fit (get  
I had another cold enough to plague you.  
For I who was all fire, am now congeald into all ice  
VVhence you may find,  
Though I was kinde.  
I can be merry and wise.

3.

The willow thou thinkst torments me but alas poor  
Ask but my Pillow (fellow  
If it can witness ere a sigh I fetcht.  
Or that on my bed-side as in a dreame I late,  
Moaning my fate,  
Or out of melancholly my self streacht.  
He warrant thee my boy thou't find all circum-  
That maidens too (stances prove  
As well as you  
Can with discretion love

4.

And now I do intend to run through Lovers row  
As well as you  
And tast the sweetnesse of variety.  
For I suppose there's some sweet sweet in it or yet  
VVould never be  
So much addicted to inconstancie.

Therefor

Therefore Ile set and see the messes usherd in by  
 And tast of this (scores  
 And that fine dish  
 To the hundred and fiftith course,

5.

In vaine thou temptst mee *Paris* whar, wouldst thou  
 Forsworn againe be faine  
 Alas I valew not thy threadbare Oathes,  
 Goe finde some other tame foole for I have no  
 T' embrace the wind (minde  
 No, nor those vowes thou putst of with thy  
 (cloaths  
 If yet thoudst have me, love thee then I prethee  
 For I protest (nere come to mee,  
 I love thee best  
 When thou art furthest from mee

### The Choice.

**T**Is not thy rubie Lips; nor Rosie Cheeks;  
 In which my heart a full contentment seekes.  
 Tis not the treasure of thy golden tresses,  
 That makes me rich, or challenge my Caresles  
 Nor yet thy light-dispersing eyes though they,  
 Be the true Phosphors of the breaking day,  
 Should I serve beauties obvious to the eye  
*Pigmalions* statue then would see the vye.  
 And I might well (if I should cease to range,  
 Advantage my affection at the change.  
 But I have suited at a nobler rate,  
 Then to court paint; Beauties inanitate,

In

In summe there's nothing our sides can impart,  
 Hath power to make a conquest on my heart.  
 But I love you, whose beauty still I find  
 But ~~indeed~~ to the beauty of your mind.  
 You are the Pearl that highest value win,  
 Being faire without, and cordiall within.

*To my Coy and Captious Mistress.*

Ile court my shade no more, but flee  
 From it, and make it follow me:  
 Nor shall the lofty Cedar bough  
 To the base Bramble, tis too low.  
 Ile kneel no more t' ungrateful Thistles,  
 Nor listen to each Bird that whistles:  
 I have forgot you, and to day  
 ✓ I did make Ortes of better Hay.  
 I lov'd thee once, but now my scorne  
 Shall triumph over thee forlorne:  
 Ile wrap my front up in disdain,  
 Nor shalt thou it uncloud again,  
 No, though one careless smile would save  
 Thy cast-off carcass from the grave:  
 Thy tears, and prayers and looking wan  
 Were but to wash an *Indian*.  
 Nay, wert thou fair as thou art not,  
 Thou shouldst not move my breast one jot:  
 Nor would I love thee one half hour,  
 Though both the *Indies* were thy Dower:  
 Though all the Saints should bleis thy face,  
 Thou get'st not henceforth one embrace:  
 I hate thine eyes, and rather would  
 A Aspidisk should me behold.

## To Pulcheria.

BUt tell me will not Gold move thee?  
 Art thou more hard than *Danae*?

VVhat? will these peerles Pearls, these Gems,  
 These Rubies reacht from Diadems,

Advance me no step to thy love?

Ile try if triviall toys may move.

'T may be this Lilly or that Rose

VVin her acceptance more then those.

Yet much at one, alas I should

But tempt an *Indian* with my Gold:

Her locks are the true golden Fleece,

*Medea* shew'd her love in Greece;

And what from Rubies hope I? tush

Her lips will make the Ruby blush:

VVhich if a smile should chance to sever,

You strair shall see such Pearls as never

Nature yet boasted, as if she

Had only this one *Treasure*:

And as for Gems, what sparks can be

So bright as those shot from her eye?

Lillies alas avail not much,

Her body is all over such:

And what's a Rose? since her Checks bear

A *June* of Roses all the year.

L O V E *Blind or not blind.*

I.

WHat makes you think that Love is blind

Since he dwels in the eye:

I rather

I rather the contrary finde  
 In all my scrutinie.  
 For I in love had never been  
 Had not mine eyes the object seen.

2.

And all the world in this agree  
 Love is a flaming fire  
 If then a fire, nay flame it be  
 What need we more desire,  
 To prove that Love may have his fight,  
 From that which renders all things light.

3.

Tell mee not that *Obfusca* was  
 Born blind, yet lov'd on trust,  
 Admit the fable; yet alas  
 It was not love, but lust.  
 For shee must have it understood,  
 Though nothing else, hir feeling's good.

4.

But you will say where stood his eyes  
 That chose so course a wench.  
 As Bab since men meet such a prize  
 On every common bench:  
 This will be his retort againe,  
 What's one mans meat's an others bane.

5.

Here's one a horse face courts whose weight  
 Hee knows will come in Gold.

(19)

And so he have the mony straight,  
Let her be crooked, old  
play-foot, blind, beetlebrowd, and lame,  
For he ha's that for which he came,

6.

Turne but your eye and you shall see  
Another's finger itch,  
To be embracing such a shee  
Is neither faire nor rich.  
Ask but his reason and tis this  
My minde to me a Kingdom is,

7.

Thus one loves fat an other leane,  
This his meat salt, that fresh  
This a fat Capon, that a Hen  
This man loves fish, that flesh.  
Thus all their humours have, and now  
Heres the good woman kist her Cow.

8.

Who beares the fault now but the boy  
The wanton boy forsooth  
He with old women use to toy,  
And teach them tricks of youth,  
Thus from our selves we still remove  
Our dotage to the god of Love,

9.

Whom falsely fools call progeny  
Of Vulcan god of fire,

( 20 )

If it were so then he must be  
*Prodromus* to his Sire  
For out of doubt he LOVE did know,  
Ere he came into Cuckholds row.

10.

Then let not hollow'd Love bear blame  
For humane fantasy:  
Love is a pure celestiaall flame  
Heaven and Earths Mercury.  
Diffus'd on Mortals, let us hence  
Accuse the Organ, not the influence.

11.

Can any yet be so unwise  
To think Love blind that can  
Create an *Argus* hundred eyes,  
To guard a Curtesian,  
Whom if you see you may espye,  
Enthron'd in every sparkling eye.

12.

Play which of you can shoot so right,  
As he whom yee call blind;  
He sticks his Arrows in the white  
Sure then he eyes must find,  
Should you a Dart at any throw,  
Twere but the blind man hit the Crow.

13.

Yea are surpriz'd with each fair face  
With every dimpled Chin,  
This

This comly feature, that sweet grace  
 Are snares to trap yee in  
 What think yee then, not love, I wils  
 But yee, are capti oculis.

*A longing Lady to her long-staying  
 Lover.*

Twice twenty times hath Titan run his course  
 From th' orientall, to the VWestern source:  
 Since last I saw you, can one parting kiss  
 Sustain me such an age of night as this:  
 How I am rackt in thy unkind delay?  
 Come my sweet Phosphor, come and bring the day,  
 Sorrow and solitude in this small space  
 Have figur'd age on my Hermetick face.  
 Go happy Paper be my Mercury,  
 And having kiss his hand bring it to me.  
 That I may be thy Rivall; tell him I  
 Must see him soon, or in despair I dye.  
 And if he come not; I shall plainly see  
 He's out of town, or out of love with me.

*A forsaken Lady to her Apostate.*

Where are those flames fled? those flames quite gon  
 Into the ashes of oblivion?  
 Where are those Vows, those Heaven-attested  
 Seal'd on my lips the pledges of our troaths? (oaths)  
 What all amorr, all banisht in a trice,  
 All our embraces a fools Paradise?  
 When farewell faith, and friend, next time I find  
 My self affective Ile embrace the wind.

*A mock*

*A mock song to  
O stay by mee—*

Stay not by me feirnds ! but fly mee,  
For behold I come  
All in furie, to conjure yee,  
To avoid the roome, (me  
O come not then near mee : your haggy looks sk  
But down to your cursed cell,  
for in hell;  
All such sooty sluts dwell.

2.

Out yee Devills, worst of evils,  
What do you make here?  
Such dam'd witches, and base bitches:  
I nere saw as yee're, (me  
O come not then near me your haggy looks sk  
But down to your cursed cell  
for in hell  
All such sooty sluts dwell.

3.

✓ Pluto's pusses are the fusses  
That I here behold  
Drest in tiffanie like Typhonne,  
Snaky lockt and old. (ne  
O come not then neare mee, your haggy looks sk  
But down to your cursed cell  
For in hell,  
All such sooty sluts dwell.

Furie

4.

Furies fellowes what is hell loose  
 And yee broke out thus  
 In your night-gears like the night mares  
 To meet *Incubus*. (me  
 O come not then near mee, your haggie looks skear  
 But down to your cursed cell  
 for in hell  
 All such sooty sluts dwell.

5.

Out upon yee, Ile none on yee  
 Down yee dan'd beneath  
 Your ill favours and worse favours  
 Doe infect my breath, (mee  
 O come not then near mee, your haggie looks skear  
 But down to your cursed cell  
 for in hell,  
 All such sooty sluts dwell.

---

*The Furies Answer.*

BE content Sir, we are sent Sir  
 Not to trouble you,  
 But to sport with and consort with  
 Our own cuttaild crew. (you  
 Let nothing then skear you, for weel not come near  
 But down to our own black cell,  
 for in hell,  
 VVe confesse wee do dwell.

*Jam jam tallurax, tarrara nigra puter.*

*A Gentleman to his Mistresse that told  
him he lookt askint upon her.*

**A** Squint, why, nor? am I of Eagles race,  
To try mine eyes upon *Apollo's* face:  
Admit I were, yet while I look on thee,  
Thy brighter beams force an obliquity.  
Eagles should do the same, durst they but try  
Their Birth right at the radiance of thine eye.  
VVhat is this squinting but my feeble sight,  
Reverberated by thy powerfull light?  
Nay should mine eye right on to thine aspire,  
'Twould burning-Glass-like set mine heart on fire.  
But say I could, since thou thus slightest me,  
VVhat reason have I to look right on thee?  
Come be not you so cross grain'd to despise  
A breast that shews her crosses in her eyes;  
VVhich silently each other thus reprove,  
T' have let in cruell and ingratefull love:  
So passing fair, I swear upon a book  
You are, my eyes upon each other look  
As in a maze to see Dame Nature place  
All her perfection in your only face.  
As Clouds the Creatures of the Sun, so I  
The nubilous exhalation of your eye  
Approach your presence begging I may be  
The *Umbra* unto your serenity.  
And could I but, my self in the office put,  
As *Caltha* with your beams Id'e ope, and shut.  
The Flies are buzzing where light Candles are,  
And smok you knew alwaies pursues the fair.  
Daies & enterchange Embraces with the night,  
And darkness kiss the lovely lips of light.

VVhy

Why then, thou fairest, art thou so unkind,  
 To scoffe the mole thy beauty made thus blind?  
 But am I blinde dost say; Eventhence does flow,  
 This solace, that the God of love is so.  
 And squint-eyd, then I may glorie int.  
 The sun it selfe, lightes centre looks asquint.

---

*To Franke.*

What all at once? what nowne selfe Franke?  
 Thy bounty ever beares its banck,  
 , Thad bene a favour yet beyond,  
 My wishes, hadst thou given thy bond,  
 And seal'd it with a faithfull kisse,  
 O here had bene enough of blisse.  
 Or hadst thou given thy hand in part  
 As pledg of thy engaged heart;  
 I had bene more then well content  
 T'have fed my hopes, on the event.

But I am now as others are,  
 Suspitious of thy proffer'd ware.  
 Thou art too sweet, to tell thee right  
 Thou overcom'st my appetite.  
 Hony's not for all palters meet,  
 And sugar oft makes things too sweet.  
 Trust mee fond Franck, thou art too free  
 (Free of thy flesh I mean) for mee.  
 Thou com'st too fast, I must step back,  
 And to be short, I feare mee no man,  
 Dares venter to make thee a woman,  
 In markets maides are common, I  
 Can have a score for a bulls eye

You praise your selfe, and I could wish  
 But to see her cryes stinking fith;  
 I know not what to think, thy face  
 Hath such an oile of brasse;  
 And yet thou shouldst be right, for none  
 That I ere knew, lesse feare the stone,  
 On whom be this inscription set;  
 Here is both right, and Counterfeit.  
 But thou sayst tis no vsuall Course,  
 To looke ith mouth of a guist hoise.  
 Yet no mans' bounry shall perswade  
 Mee too accept or keepe a jade,  
 Ill favourd &, ill quality'd;  
 Who would on such Conditions ride?  
 Thou hast given thy selfe to mee, dost hear  
 Thou hast a shrewd box on the eare  
 Would thou hadst rather given mee that  
 Was left ith maltheap by the Car.  
 Thou shouldst have said, will you accept,  
 Or else thy selfe to thy selfe kept.  
 Theres somewhat more then up and ride,  
 The banes must goe before the bride  
 And aser too, vnlesse thee bee  
 Better then I can hope of thee  
 Thou fly'st away to Church & nether  
 Bringst guest with thee nor yet a father.  
 But for the first (sauing your yeast)  
 You will your selfe be the bold guest.  
 And for a father, what need hee,  
 Since you will your owne giver be.  
 Way this is the new way we take,  
 Each others word & bargaine make.  
 Sure here is like to be good doeing  
 When rampant royles run thusa wo-oig,  
 VVhy now or never verifie.

( 227 )

Old mother Shiptons prophesie,  
Yet thou mayest get a husband still,  
Provided thou dost but fullfill.  
The last will of thy grand mother,  
No more but ~~be~~ Remember her:

For my part, not thou couldst nor please,  
Though thou couldst sh—mee ninepences.  
Nor couldst thou move in mee delight,  
Shouldst thou afford mee every night  
A fresh & sportfull maidenhead  
Their signes should not pollute my bed,  
And yet I may chauce loath my life  
Come then and thou shalt bee my wife.  
However for your offer ~~Franky~~  
I were to blame should I not thank you,  
But let mee perish in thy Curse  
If ever offer lik'e mee worse.  
Thou gav'st thy selfe to mee ; and  
Give thee back to thy selfe Godb'ye

*Te mibi donasti, te tibi reddo, vale*

C 2

An

An Epithal.

On Mr. B. C. his Nuptials.

1.

**W**elcome most lovely paire,  
Through threats of drowning  
In parents frowning;  
Now no doubts nor despaire  
Shall cloud the clearer aire  
Of nuptiall crowning  
No counter-plots, no rivalls now suspect,  
Your wishes are arriv'd at their effect.

4.

No weefull Willow now,  
Cupid composes,  
Chaplets of Roses:  
In which the Bridgroomes brow  
And his faire Brides also,  
Hymen encloses,  
Let Suiters in desires hot embers burne,  
Your joyfull syres shall into Bone-fires turne.

On thy cheeks beauteous Bride,  
 More all the graces  
 In pleasant paces  
 Bless hee whom fates betide  
 Th' Elysium of thy side.

This, this, thy last is  
 Sweet Bride-groom, but had Love had eyes to  
 see her:

No doubt but hee had been thy rivall here.

Sing Jo, sing a-maine  
 Thy tempting treasure,  
 Out bounds all measure,  
 Give thy ripe joyes full reine,  
 And Jo, sing againe,  
 Victorious Caesar  
 Beware of surfets though, thy lustle cheare.  
 Ends not to-night, the faire lasts all the yeare

But you think long I doubt,  
 And loves complection,  
 Prepares erection,  
 What though yee taste of nought,  
 All day, but naked thought:  
 Night's the next section,  
 Then you shall see, what wee but dream, delights,  
 Weed with yee too (if there were need) good night.

Com Bacchus com let's arole

The merrie dishes  
 Brim'd with best wishes.  
 Mee thinks I see the soule;  
 Of mirth in every bowle  
 Presaging blisses.  
 Your crop's full ear'd, full ripe, your eye discernes  
 Plentie; what can wee with yoe more but bearnes

*To my lillie white Leda  
 in Commendation of a pale face.*

When red enchas'd in the flues wee finde,  
 VVee strait conclude tis either raine, or winde;  
 VVhen I a Rubrick on thy face espie,  
 Faith I expect to see thine storme, or cry.  
 Let them that dare condemne thy livery brow  
 Tell mee how they could fancy bloud & snow.  
 That monstrous, yea that menstruous product, who  
 Could looke vpon't and not his teares ovr flow?  
 Pray tell mee where the white, & damask rose  
 From the sam stalk both white, & red disclose?  
 Spaniells and Calves ate red and white tis true  
 If you be red and white, pray what are you?  
 VVould you commend her for her comly snout,  
 Thats particoulourd like a radish root?  
 You'd think I mock you should I say you are  
 Pyrobed & white as babies in the faire.

If red be such a grace; If red so please,  
 Haue mee commended to red latices.  
 Yet the red rose is Cordiall. But the white  
 Is ever most commended for the sight.  
 From costard-mongers I haue understood  
 Thus much. The red cheeke apple's seldom good.  
 Red waxe is very common. But the white  
 Is virgins wax, And a good price must buy'r,  
 Pray tell mee now, would you be woo'd & prayd;  
 To limbe your self out on a milke white maid?  
 Marry come up; so when you are to write,  
 You may condemne your paper cause tis white:  
 Here, heres an Elizabeth, will you say what aile  
 The shillings cause you see the face is pale?  
 That were a pretty jest, Alas, alas,  
 If it were cherry cheeke it would not passe.  
 Even Vitriall admits a various hue  
 Some is pure white, some Greene, some perfect  
 blew,

And some is red too. But tis then confest  
 The drosse & *Caput mortuum* of the rest  
 In *Mercurie* as *Chymick* tearmes will ha'r,  
 The white's sublime, The red precipitate,  
 Some Tulips, I remember I haue scene,  
 Halfe red halfe white, but thy haue common been.  
 Or were they rare, should they come near my nose.  
 The posse were lesse welcme, then the pose.  
 White Robes at Nuptialls, shew a virgine state,  
 And why not white cheeks beautyes candidate.  
 What woul'dst thou think, if thou shouldest red espie  
 Exchequer'd with the white that's in thine eye?  
 Thoudst say'tis bloud-shot, How then ist a grace  
 That blemishes the best part of thy face?

But why doe I thus eagerly allude  
 To that whichall but blind men will conclude?

The silver Moon, the glittering train of night,  
 The Lilly, Swan, and Venus Doves are white,  
 But you say Reds a modest tincture, rust,  
 Her conscience can not bid her countenance blush  
 VVhen shee hath done the thing shee ought not  
 to do:  
 Come to him the n sheel blush as red as you.

—————*Rubicunda flat, Alba serenat.*

## The Postscript,

*To the precedent Poem.*

**B**Ut stay my whiteing, though I took thy part,  
 I was not to shew thy beauty, but my art.  
 My conscience tell mee Red & white best pleases,  
 VVhite not set off with Red portends diseases;  
 But Poets *pro*, and *con*, salute and slight:  
 Tell yee the Dove is black, And the Crow white,  
 I could have writ as much, and given a grace  
 As ample, to the Calf with the white face.  
 Thus have I made thee faire and fowle; so truly  
 Starch be it nere so white, comes of but blewly.

*P. atque P.*

To

To Mr. R.D.

SIR,

YOur safe returne unto mine cares being come  
I could no less then bid you welcome home.  
At present I have nothing worth your view,  
Only my white sat'd Leda, but shee's new  
And fresh attir'd, If I have dress'd hir right:  
Say but the word, And I have hir the White:

*Militat omnis amans, & habet sua Castra  
Cupido.*

L O V E hath his tents & lovers souldiers are  
Prest out to serve in an intestine VVarr,  
Cupid become a Leader now I finde,  
The proverb, verified, The blind leads the blinde.

*Caco carpitur Igne*

# To my honoured friend.

*y A Gentleman that in a frolick would needs  
barb mee.*

**BURDEN**

Let me know when

Thou wilt returne againe:

Oh thy departure drew a teare,

Not from the watric surface of the spheare

No, no it drew it, whilst, stay there

Least while such newes I send,

I much offend,

My friend,

2.

**VValed**

Sing as decreed

Thou shalt depart with speed

I could not choose, but heavily look

To loose at once my barber, and my Cook:

I will be sworn upon a booke

I oft thee wanted have

My chin to shave,

Poore knave.

And

And clip  
My upper lippe  
And make the haire to skip  
For having mended my bad face  
Thou good Lawn Bands about my neck didst place  
And cutt my hands, but now alas  
I shall, I am in mind  
No Barber finde  
so kinde.

To William Kemp.

Saturday last faith will you sent mee Sack  
By Bacchus scarce was worth the sending back  
Be now a trusty soule, and, send me White.  
Or Renish, which you will but let't be right  
Feel out some cell where Plutus cannot come  
I know will will send good if VWill b'at home

A Gentleman surprized with the sight of a  
Lady unknowne to him, betroathed  
to another.

Unhappy happinesse, peireing pleasing fate  
By too good fortune made infortunate,  
My blis, and blasted eyes made mee at once  
My self an Emperour, and a slave pronounced.

What

What strange affections on my spirit cease?  
 Whereof the cure is worse then disease.  
 VVhat heavenly fire is this, torments & joyes mee  
 VVhich if I blow consume, if quench destroyes mee?  
 Take here O take this love-flaine heart of mine  
 This victim fallne on your victorious shrine,  
 Only let love since, to your pile I come  
 Honour my sacrifice with martyrdom.  
 And tis enough, Since I can't overcome yee.  
 Ile kisse the stroakes my face allot mee from yee.  
 Yet on my urne should you one glance contrive  
 My ashes with the *Phoenix* might revive,  
 If not a smile, O yet let pittie lend mee  
 A sigh, that may to the next world commend mee.  
 Where my then happier eyes may have the grace  
 Freely to feast on your Seraphick face.

---

*To my Cozen Coy.*

Tis not for vertues sake that you,  
 Are wont to keepe so much adoe,  
 For wee know by experience,  
 And you by your owne conscience,  
 That wenches will for all their sturres,  
 Cling in a corner close as burres.

2.

Those things most rake men's palates over,  
 They purchaſe with most hard endeavor.

And

And that's the reason that yee maids,  
 Hold up the rate of maiden-heads.  
 VWhich if you were not coy and nice:  
 Alack a day! would beare no price.

3.

Pray doe not yee your faces screen;  
 To be with double luster seen.  
 VWhat is it but to tempt beholders,  
 Yee show your naked neck, and, shoulders.  
 VWhy doe you else patch white with black?  
 But that yee more oth same stuffe lacke?

4.

Cold-rounded fires, themselves contract;  
 And are most violent in act.  
 And I conceive fair maids desires,  
 Are but such snow-environ'd fires.  
 And when I see snow on their skin  
 I judge them then all fyre within.

5.

Tell mee who will do so mickle  
 'As shee that hants a conventickle.  
 Shee is one of *Adams* race,  
 That observes no tyme nor place.  
 Though in the midst of lent it chance,  
 Shee'l take it, if the fish advance,

And

6.

And you your self *Abstemia*  
 Will sport and play as well as they,  
 I know you loyter but to be  
 Embrac'd by opportunity  
 And in things forbid delight  
 To show your selfe Ever Daughter right.

7.

Tell mee no more of Apes in hell  
 Though th' excuse become yee well,  
 Come prettie soule tis to no boot  
 You cannot live unlesse you doe't:  
 For the thing that we talk of pleased  
 Nay more then that prevents diseases.

8.

Were't not more wisdom to be dumb,  
 Then word it to be overcome?  
 Do'nt wee in common queans espie  
 These your weapons, nay piss, nay syc,  
 That ere halfe the fight be done  
 VVish that they may be over run.

9.

Come come Gifle if thou dost burne  
 See thou bauk'ft not a good turne,

Those

Those bonny lasses wiser are  
 That know when they are offer'd faire  
 Yet if shame bid thee forsake it  
 Prethee play the maid, say nay and take it.

To my pale Pippin

*Pallor in ore sedes*

**H**Er cheeks are like her blind cheeks pale  
 And wan, Her lipps are lick her taile,  
 Her piteous looks may happily move  
 Compassion in mee; never love.  
 Shall I bow down; or kneel to that  
 That seems to mee inanimate?  
 So while I to my suite addict her,  
 I pray with Papists to a Picture,  
 Doe yee not see how meager death,  
 Seems through his Organs to steal breath  
 And Succubus hats from the dust  
 Rear'd her to satiate his lust  
 Tell mee pale Phoebe don't you thinke  
 Old walls to banquet on the lime?  
 I know you love such festivalls  
 Your white-wash't cheeks resemble walls.  
 Say nother pious, doe you not  
 For Oatmeal? rob the Porridge, pot  
 Run you not into privat holes  
 To break your fast with salt and Coales  
 I might a thousand knacks repeat,  
 VWhat could I name but you would eat  
 In shame whereof your bloud refraines  
 Your cheeks, And lurks within your veines,

Vntill it bee subpenn'd thence,  
 By your flagitious conscience,  
 Nor are you lillie like, but fellow  
 And sapie-coutenance'd like tallow,  
 For when your dropping nose you handle,  
 You seeme to mee to snuffe a candle.  
 And they that keepe you reape disgrace,  
 Whilst men read famine on your face.  
 Natures, besiegd, And all your pores  
 Obstructed block up her recourse  
 Whilst in dispaire of life you burne,  
 For a good husband, or goode turne..  
 There must bee vent, Tis to noe boost  
 To talke, you must or dye, or doct.  
 And should, wee but a while delay you,  
 You'd cry hark hark for life wee pray you.  
 You can no such improvement feel  
 In *allume* posets or crude Steele.  
 You know your selfe theres nothing can,  
 Be so aperitive as man.  
 Who in the sweetest sence is said,  
 To cure you of your maiden head.  
 Which should you but a while retaine,  
 A pessarie would come in vaine.  
 What neede men care then for such wives,  
 As Marry but to save their lives?  
 He must as much (that wedderth thee)  
 Thy doctor; As thy husband be.  
 Noe, Ile to *Bacchus* where being come,  
 The first attendant shewes a rome.  
 The next presents a glanceing lasse,  
 Like *Venus* in a venice glasse.  
 With that I knock, & as some sp'rite  
 I conjur up pure red and white.  
 My circles a round table. And  
 In midst thereof does *Hymen* stand

With a light tapour . when I call,  
 To celebrate my nuptiall.  
 Here doe I a french madam place  
 And there a sweet-lips spanish lasse  
 Here all in white a lady dances,  
 And there in red an other glances,  
 And least mine eyes want fresh delight,  
 Here sets Claretta red & whit.  
 Nor doe I complement I trow,  
 But tell them plaine 'tis so and so,  
 Thy struggle not nor are they coy  
 But I may what I will enjoy.  
 No there's no coyle made for a kisse,  
 Though melting melting, melting blisse,  
 No shifting from the freindly cup  
 But I may freely all take up.  
 And in each face if I so please,  
 Ile court myne owne effigies.

VVho would not then on this stage set Narcissus,  
 VVhere lively lipps so sweetly say come kisse us.

Mrs. E. G.

*To hir false and faithlesse servant.*

BVt whence false wretch are these delays,  
 Didst thou not sweare,  
 By all that's deare,  
 Should lyons block up thy assayes,  
 Thy Pinnacle-corn'd such remoraes,

much

Most faithlesse of thy sex farewell:  
 Art not thou hee  
 That vow'd to mee  
 No fares decree nor Circean Spell;  
 Should keep thee from my Cittadell?

Yet flatterer thou art beg'd, and frown  
 From the warm nest  
 Of my soft breast,  
 And like that night thou leav'st mee gone  
 Ah/who would such a traitor owne?

They that dare most, I see dare least  
*Peter* pretends  
 More then his friends,  
 But being brought unto the rest,  
 Hee turnes more cravant then the rest.

A feeble hermit raz'd the sort  
 Of secrete  
 Twixt thee and mee,  
 O shame, Cowards I see resort  
 To *Lev's*, though not to *Mary's* Court.

Think

## 6.

Thinkst thou the gods that testifie  
 From Heaven above  
 Thy vowes of love,  
 Will quit thee of thy perjury?  
 That were, to make themselves like thee.

A

## 7.

Well I conclude then nothing else  
 But love is dead  
 And faith is fled,  
 Unto the breasts of infidells  
 And there, if any where it dwells.

## 8.

False and faint heart adieu here sue  
 Nor woe no more,  
 As here to fore,  
 For here is all the answer you,  
 False and faint heart adieu adieu.

*Figet infido consiluisse. viro.*

His

*His Answer.*

**A** Nd why so sharpe in truth (my dear) I must,  
 Accuse your furie of unkind distrust,  
 You should observe the end, and only glance,  
 Not dwell on the emergent circumstance.  
 Shall I plounge through th' abisse of danger, where  
 I may avoyd it; And goe right agen.  
 VVhat you mis-construe as some light abuse,  
 Reason will read a requisite excuse.  
 VVhat should wee but invite the publike scorn  
 To boast our harvest ere wee reap our corne.  
 The wealthy'st wights pretend the weakest store,  
 And what they hugge, conceale, I doe no more.  
 For knowledge will but make us table-talk,  
 VVhilst love delights in shadyest pathes to walk.  
 Forbeare a while my love and then expect  
 Your patience crown'd with blest, with wisht effect.  
 Those that doe otherwise, the world but calls,  
 Them Posthumous to there owne nuptialls,  
 Noe, noe, my heart's but one, though for a space,  
 I seeme to putt on Ianus double face,  
 In which strange dresse I yet, would hope I show  
 I love thee more then all the world shall know.

*To the faire Mrs E. R.*

MADAM.

**Y**'are lovely faire, and but I know,  
 You are not proud, I would not tell you so.  
 For my part I commend your sweet complexion.  
 Nither for hope of favour, nor affection.  
 Only since I have little else to doe,  
 I praye the most praye worthy, And tis you:  
 Here's no hard words but in plaine english thus,  
 Y'are handſme, yonge, rich, vertuous.  
 VVhat can be wiſht for more? where nature places  
 A heaven of beauty in a heaven of graces.  
 But if you be as free as you are faire  
 All's nothing, and you are not what you are.

*Da dextram miſera & tecum me tolle per  
 vadas.*

Phillis, Charon.

**Pb.** A Boat, a Boat Charon, come ſet me over.

**Ch.** VVho calls helles ſmall ferriman?

**Pb.** A Lover.

**Ch.** And thou ſhalt ſtay the longer for't I vow.

**Pb.** Youle not be ſo unmercifull I row.

**Ch.** Left handed luck light on yee every houre  
 I me troubl'd to transport ſuch brands as you  
 are.

**Pb.** Nay

**Pb.** Ney good sweet *Charon*, com?

**Ch.** Yes sweet on Aill,

VWhen I have nothing else to do, I will.

**Pb.** VWhat?

(saile)

**Ch.** Grease my Boat, and patch my shattered  
And set me down and rest mee;

**Pb.** Iove what ayle?

This froward patch? come prether to the  
I am a stranger, come put off thy wrath.

**Ch.** Hence Cupids brands,

**Pb.** Not so,

**Ch.** Ile come no nigher:

**Pb.** VWhy?

**Ca.** For youl set my pitchy Boat on fire,  
I fry already with transporting flames

Such as have almost drank up al my streams  
**Pb.** Canst thou feare that and see these fresh  
supplies.

So streaming from the Conduits of mine  
Eyes?

**Ch.** VVell well,

**Pb.** Nay more if *Charon* shall think good

These Armes as Oares shall wave the fligi-  
an flood,

This wast thy Mast: And this dishevell'd  
haire,

Ile into Cables twist;

**Ch.** VVell you speak faire.

**Pb.** Come then;

**Ch.** I am at hand, but ere thy foot Beard mee,  
How can'st thou here timely or not?

**Pb.** VWhat makes that to my speed? Come wast  
me over,

And talke of that anon.

**Ch.**

*Cb.* Nay soft, discover  
 Or thou art at thy furthest, Trust no tri<sup>ck</sup>  
 Not falsities, But swear by sacred *Stix*,  
 VWhich even the gods call not to lyes,  
 VWithout the forfeit of their deities,  
 And loss of *Nectar* for a hundred years.

Speak, *Pbs* VWhat is *Phyllis* faultie here appears.

*Cb.* Thou canst not pass.

*Pb.* The gods forbid O smother  
 That breath, This death is worse then th'o-  
 ther;

I past last night, That I implunged in  
 For love, and must I dye again for sin?  
 Is it decreed?

*Cb.* It is, and signed by fate.

*Pb.* Ile supplicate the Gods then.

*Cb.* Tis too late.

*Pb.* Hard hap, but sawst thou not my *Demophon*

*Cb.* I did.

*Pb.* VWhere;

*Cb.* Hee is to *Elysium* gone.

*Pb.* And I left here O *Charon* pte thee either

VVast mee to him, or fetch him hither.

*Cb.* Neither?

*Pb.* Shall he live happy?

*Cb.* Yes.

*Pb.* Then let me come

For hee knowes I am his *Elysium*.

*Cb.* Thou canst not wretch;

*Pb.* Noe? whether shall I then

Betake my selfe?

*Cb.* To yond fowle foggy fen,

*Pb.* And what when there?

*Cb.* Still tide it to and fro,

In deep despaire as those self murtherers doe,  
 Seest thou these Troops like Autumnes leavy  
 spoile,

VVhat self bemoaning, what unpittied coyle  
 They keep? But I sterne Charon have no eares  
 To heare their plaints; no eyes to see their  
 scars.

**Pb.** Have I contemned life, neglected Thrace  
 And my imperiall scepter for this place?

**Cb.** Blame thine own Rashnes to anticipate,  
 The supreme act of Adamantine fate.

**Pb.** Has thou no pittie left for Queens.

**Cb.** No, now  
 The basest beggar is as great as thou.

**Pb.** O give me yet a draught of Lethe, that  
 I may forget the tyranny of fate.

**Ca.** It cannot be allow'd alas thy woes  
 Begin but now

**Pb.** VVhen end they then?

**Cb.** God knowes.

**Pb.** Pitty sweet Charon, pittie for his sake,  
 VVhose innocence must of my greits pertake  
 For hee and I long since agreed upon  
 This, Hee should Phillis be, I Demophon  
 Our faithfull lipps were pledges of this twine  
 Hee giving his heart, I returning mine.  
 Tis I have sin'd, And must hee beare the  
 blow.

Tis not my heart, but his that suffers now,  
 O either yeild then to my just desire,  
 Or let mee suffer in my selfe entire,  
 But ift may be, Celestiall pittie move,  
 To spare us both, and lay the fault on Love.

**Cb.** VVell

60. Weell love shall blind the Gods & pittie shal  
 For once the faire queene be presidentiall,  
 Or if the Gods will not commiserate,  
 Ile steale thee over stix in spite of fate

*Flectere si nequeo Acheronta moveo.*

*Miserum me fuisse felicem!*

To Mr. H. C.

**H**ad *Palmyrus*, never fear'd so farre,  
 As India, where the earthes choyce treasures  
 are.

His wooden Castle, might have split in sunder,  
 And nere arrived at a nine dayes wonder:

Had *Bellisarrus*, and I, never scene,  
 The faithlesse face of change's changefull queene;

And to so loftie hopes had no admission,  
 How blest had wee bene in our low condition?

Had *Athenais* not *Eudoxia* bene,  
 I had bene no wound to be throwne downe agen;

Had I nere sene you (fairest) then my breast,  
 Had still bene calmie in its haven of rest.

What th'eye nere sees, the heart nere grieves? had I  
 Nere drank at all, then had I nere bene dry.

I saw you but, and the wing archers bow,  
 Drawn by the attractives of your eyes peirc'd

through,  
 My heart, so did hee from those eyes procure,

his bolt, his bowstringe, and his cynoure.

Unlucky luck, with joy and woe it fills mee,  
*Tartarus* like, it makes mee laugh, and kills mee,  
 'Tis thou hast wounded mee, and I must meer  
 My cure in thee, O my sweet, bitter-sweet.

*Sic mihi res eadem vulnus opemque tulit.*

A. B. To an Irish Gentlewoman  
 that slighted him.

What time my bloud shall boyle so in my Aline  
 As I shall need a cooler for my reynes;  
 Ile call on *Jos.* fairer far then you are  
 Shall ease me of my Cod-peice Calenture;  
 But if a *Priapisme* put me hard upon't  
 Ile keep a Cow: And not an Irish Rone,

To my noble Cousen Mr. R. C.  
 coming in mourning to be  
 merry with his friends.

And why in black? what means this night's array  
 Since I am frolick as the day?  
 Why comest thou thus in mourning to thy friends  
 As if to minde him of his end?

In such sad weeds the unwellcome Raven comes  
To croak out our determinated doomes:

Shake of these myſtic foggs, that wee may know,

How much wee to thy viſit owe,

Come not as thou haſt reaſon in thy throwd,

But lend the ſweltring Sun thy cloud;

So ſhall hee ſet him downe and ſlumber, while

Thou cher'ſt us with thy ſmile;

How ill contrived is that companie

VWhere one does laugh, another cry? (black

This man is cloathed in white, that blew, thou

Eyes juſt like *Jeffery. Iames and Iack.*

VWhat will the world conclude when they ſee thee

In this fleabitten liverie?

Wee laugh, you lowre, wee ſinge, your ſerious ſtate.

Seemes to affect the marbles fate,

This diſcord is unmuſicall come, come,

Vncaſe unmaſk, and leaſe each roome,

Thougliſteſt through, ſo radiant appeare,

As if the orbe of light moved there:

Breake out bright Soule, & give our wonder birth

At the Meridian of thy miſth.

Truſt meet were good and rare, but I ſee plaine,

Thou bring'ſt old faſhions up againe;

Thy preſence was a banquet and thou diſt,

Preſent a deaths head in the miſt.

So all thy courteſie runs upon crutches,

Like him, makes a good feaſt, and grutcheth

But, prethee, ſhall I this a viſit call?

Suer thou cam'ſt to my funerall;

Or 't is becauſe thy clothes gainſt ſurfetts be,

mementoes of mortalitye?

Doſt come to laugh, And ſet good chear to wrack,

And yet bring *Leu* upon thy back?

Here fear good Col- Hereſ nothing need,

Such overmonitory weeds;

We have not to present you, what is rare,  
 Only y<sup>e</sup> are wellcome to our country; fare,  
 Good powderd beefe, good mutton and good  
 Sherrie,

And so, and so, I pray be merry,  
 With which accept our hearts; who could extend  
 no more, should a'll the Gods descends  
 And if this paper find acceptance too,  
 That's more sir then I promis'd you.  
 But I had rather be abrupt then tedious,  
 And therefore thus, and only thus  
 You come in mourning, but when you returne,  
 You may leave of, but we must mourne,

*A gratias ades*  
 To my highly honoured cozen Mr B. C.  
 Coming to Norwich.

And art thou come boone Br<sup>o</sup>ther Norwich say,  
 (hanke ( noble *Phosphor* ) for this visit for day  
 Then wellcome, wellcome, be they ever dumb:  
 That say not now wellcome B. C. wellcome:  
 Had I bene mute from birth, I now had broke  
 All tounge eyes, and with dumb borne Ails spoke;  
 As *Jove* came downe the trile to discusse  
 T'wixt frogs and mice; so camst thou downe to us;  
 Both from above: though, here some difference lycs  
 Hee came from heave'ns, thou from earth's paradise.  
 Yee both defend, being both divinely bright,  
 To dazle our inferior Orb with light;  
 The country swaines' cause they alas could spee  
 No higher title; call thee Colicell;

Some

Some wiser though then others, reaping corn:  
 Thinke thou art *Ceres*, and resound their horne.  
 Devoutly beg thy largesse, and our vye,  
 The thunder with the scch'o of their cry.  
 But when thou comest in at *Stephens* gate,  
 Thou gav'st our city cause enough of prate;  
 O how the people hurry, hurty ran,  
 To gaze upon thee as if more then man!  
 What heards of *Aproners* at every looker  
 Read on thy robes, *Norfolk*, illustrious Duke?  
 Weavers, like shutles, here, and there per p out,  
 And make no workon'r for the revell rout.  
 Who finding how in vaine they strive for roome,  
 Each in a fustian hurty to his loome,  
 Returne, And armed with his well try'd beame,  
 Levels his passage through th' opposing stream,  
 You'd laugh to see, how they hurty hurty about,  
 Would not to see themselves cut out.  
 VVishing their needles had no eyes to they,  
 (Pardon me) might see their bellyfull to day.  
 The thadhor from the top of his house, seeing all  
 Capprand the chief of the rout for a fall,  
 But is too old to see the rout the self.  
 They that were pure and true, can tell you best.  
 O how they hurty into each others arme!  
 Twas a great mercy, that there was no harme  
 Their bodies twine, and tounge, lay never still,  
 As if the rout had bene a twirling mill.  
 In deede the *Mary*, and all the *scarlet* *Domes*,  
 The bells too, and the thunder thumping *Quarry*,  
 Had bene your entertainment, but of late  
 Tis superstition, and growne out of date,  
 Nor had I thought to have write, but your advance,  
 Constraine mee, *Orpheus*, playe, & trees must dance  
 I am created post by my Theame,  
 Like *Memnon's* statue by *Apollon*, beame.

To the worshipfull A. D. his Maje-  
sties Physician Crossing the  
Seas.

A Ccept his sad farewell, Sir, who here sings,  
As dying Swans do at Meanders Springs;  
Farewell, Stop there; O how the surges rise,  
Into a bryole spring-ride from mine eyes;  
As if yet hope were left that these salt flowes  
Might lend you Sea-room, or else drown my woes;  
And least you want wherewith to fill your fallie,  
My sighs swell up themselves into a gale;  
If still be calmd, may you as easily be drownd,  
The proverb true in this, my Words, are Wounds;  
Meane time I shall to *Aslar* repaire,  
That he would breath you winde enough and faire,  
And then, to him commands the way you Court;  
To chide the Dolphin from their continuall sport;  
Next ile entreat the Azure-man to take his  
To let their smiles be your faire augurers;  
And may your thankfull patron, King of Heavens  
Health for you, Sir, who health to them have given  
If among us to reastive you please,  
VVeel say, *Phœbus* comes from th' *Antipodes*.  
If your return though, be long & by sea,  
Live *Naxos* years in *Aurigons* stars,  
And *Asclæpius* like confirme the Earth  
With faith, that you are of immortall birth;  
This beech I beg, Sir, and this only one,  
Now, and then, thinke on your poor *Syrrens*.

*To the City of*  
**CRACOVIA.**

**N**ot out of Love, but fear of following evils;  
 The Moores of India sacrifice to devils;  
 So we to Norwich did invite Sir Thomas,  
 Only for this, to get him further from us.

*To Mr. R. C. upon*  
*The Mourning Ring he sent mee.*

**W**Hat, shall I laugh, or weep? this present,  
 Present mee a necessity of both:  
 How can I choose but smile, when I behold  
 My lucky Starrs laden with orient Gold?  
 But when I see it through black Curtains peeping,  
 Ah mee! I think, &c. fall a weeping,  
 My passions fight and flow, and it appears,  
 Excess of joy, as well as grief, finds tears;  
 Whilst I thus rapt Narcissus-like espie  
 Sunshine, and showers, play *Ay* in mine eye;  
 See how the Gold bopeeps in sable shrouds,  
 Like *Phœbus* posting through the raine-swolne  
 clouds;

And well the simile holds, the black present  
His setting, and the Gold his orience.  
~~Here night and day Luna and Sol appeare,~~  
As if true Equinox were only here.  
Nor should I much mistake the Equipage,  
To call the golden, in the iron age:  
I may go boast, I on my finger weare  
The pythieff Hyeroglyphick of the yeare:  
For I can summer in thy posie read,  
And winter to the life in thy deaths head:  
Pretty, and precious gists, it shewes to mee  
Both partie, and perpetuity,  
For whilst the Gold thy pure love does commend,  
The Ring instructs my thanks to know no end.

---

To — — — upon  
*his giving mee a Library.*

How say you now? think you, I do not please  
My friend well, to obtaine such gists as these?  
What a whole Library at once? who looks  
Upon it, must conclude mee in his books.

---

To a Gentlewoman, that refused,  
A very rich Sutor, because  
he was not very hand-  
some.

Faire Cosen, let me in this case advise,  
To quitte your fancy: and give reason eyes:

They

They that chioose apples by their looks, are oft  
 Foild in their hopes, and for their folly scott.  
 Tis not the outside makes the man, Alas  
 A man's a man, had not he Nose on's face.  
 Your *Lapidaries* not unoften note,  
 The rarest Jewell in a ragged Coat:  
 This Gentleman whose double duty serves you,  
 For ought I know, is one that well deserves you.  
 Forlake your eyes here, and trust to your care,  
 Hee sober, steady, staid, and fit to steare  
 In this tempestuous age: hard hap beides  
 Such vessells as have green heads for their guides:  
 But you shall ride amidst proud waves secure,  
 Hee being Pilot, And you Cynosure.  
 I could both name the parties, and the places,  
 Had bargaines soule enough of the faire faces,  
 Nor yet is liking allwayes beauties child,  
 Some have more wit then so to be beguild:  
 Beauties a blossom, and so quickly fled,  
 Tis scarce possesse, ere it be vanished:  
 Strike while the Irons hot Col. lest you find  
 The Proverb true, occasions bald behind.  
 To me the man seems passing lovely, Tush,  
 His beauty's inward, Good wine needs no bush  
 Hee's rich enough to make the world his debtor  
 Love, and lay hold then, seldome comes a better,  
 I had not writ thus much, but that I know  
 Your parents own it, and advise you so,  
 Whose directory pleasure but fullfill,  
 And you do well, though you do nere so ill:  
 Read, and revise these lines, sweet Col. lest you  
 Whilst you your self make fast, your selfe undo.

# To a faire Lady,

M A D A M,

**H**ard is the task to write to such as you,  
For if I give you but what's halfe your due,  
Such as are unacquainted with your worth;  
Are apt to say, I highly set you forth;  
Whilst these that know you, must conclude, with  
mee,

Your praise above the strains of Flattery.  
They that nere saw the glory of the Sun,  
Would think the Moon, lights only paragon;  
So such, to whom scarce a good face is knowne,  
Measure your beaunfull beauty by their owne;  
Whilst, saw they but your face, As in amaze  
Theyd worship, what they wonder I so praise:  
Could you ( faire soule ) but parcell out your  
graces,

There were enough to enrich a thousand faces  
And leave your selfe such store, as (though your  
light,  
Have made them starres ) you'd still be Queen of  
night.

But hold my Muse, my paper is halfe done  
And I have scarce her story yet begun.  
But that would ask ( to tell you what I think )  
A world of paper, and a Sea of Inke.  
Of Inke said I? Inke alas I would make that,  
A spotted fame, that is immaculate,  
No, I will rather never write at all,  
Then mention her, who is all-sweet, in gall:

Mee that the Bow-bell of her praise would ring,  
 Must pluck a pinion from a Seraph's wing,  
 And write in Nectar till her fame appears  
 An anthem to the musick of the spheres.  
 But to leave what only my wish effects,  
 My fancy to what's feasible directs;  
 He rob the Swan of her white quill and then  
 With the same pen-knife that I make my pen,  
 He lance my purple veins, and therewith write  
 Her story, like her self in red, and white.  
 And when my blood ha's all forsook my veins,  
 Let mee but be her Martyr for my pains.

---

*To my Mistresse.*

SO love me ever all yee powers divine;  
 As I love her, whom hope perswades is mine:  
 Rich then and happie were I, thus to winne  
 A beauty, Heaven without, and Heaven within.  
 Had I the world (as *Alexanders* heire)  
 Left mee, a parrimony high, and faire  
 Enough yee'd think, yet I for all this store,  
 Except shee whom I love, love mee, am poore.

---

## The middle Sister.

FAIREST,

Some nature seems to make your Sisters stand  
As handmaids, that attend on either hand;  
To right, or left I turne nor, Poets say  
The middle is the best, and safest way.  
I view the Temples, and I find them three,  
But still the middle Temple goes for mee:  
Your Sisters are like banks on either side,  
Whilst you, the Chrystall streame, betwixt them  
glyde;

Tis light at morne, and when the day declines,  
But yet, the brightest Sun at midday shines:  
Methinks your Sisters stand on either side,  
Like Bride-maids, you in middle like a Bryde,  
Doubtlesse in you the middle grace I see  
On this side Faith, on that side Charity;  
My fancy seems to dictate to my sence  
A Cawsway, twixt two Ditches or its fence.  
The smoothe and silent floods, in middle flow,  
But the shores murmur; cause the water's tow,  
And now I tell you, but what the world knows  
Full well, betwixt two Nettles sits a Rose.

## The Joviall Journey.

**U**P *Phabus* up, and guild the horizon,  
 For love, and beauty, are a progresse gone.  
 Stand not to gaze, least thy too curious eyes  
 A fairer *Daphne*, in this Coast espie;  
 And thou great Prince of winds vouchsafe to us  
 The gentle gusts of sweet breath & Zephyrus;  
 Come yee auspicious Choristers of the aire,  
 Let these faire Ladies see yee promise faire.  
 Cherp up (sweet Syren of the woods) nere feare  
 Here is no *Tereus*, come be merry here,  
 And if the dust, it self too proudly reares,  
 Some gentle Cloud rebuke it with its teares;  
 Let the Earths green Phylis, and florulent Maries,  
 The brighter Orbs, of the frost warning skie;  
 Let every brook present son & pretty toy,  
 And every hedge be lin'd with travellets joy,  
 Grant fates, no inauspicious harts may chance  
 To crosse, yee, through unlucky ignorance;  
 But as the morning, so the evening may  
 Answer the beauty of a glorious day.  
 Then Sun, Wind, Birds, Raine, Earth and Flowers  
 conspire  
 A harmony, next the Celestiall Quire.  
 And when friends meet, be your embraces such  
 As lovers, that each minuts absence grutch,  
 Whilst all that see, admire your greeting kiss,  
 As if the body met the soule in blis.

To my Rivall.  
*Presenting my Mrs. Gold upon  
 Her Journey.*

How now (my heart of gold) what mean these  
 Hast broke thy heart and & given it her in pcees  
 Or didst thou throw thy gold into her lap,  
 A ransom for thy ignorant escape?  
 Wouldst else be in the list of famenrolld,  
 To court thy love like love in shours of gold.  
 State-politic in faith, they win the Towers,  
 That shoot gold bullets at the Governours.  
 Thou hast good reason too, to use this sort,  
 Of golden battery, to so strong a fort.  
 Beieve mee, this was a well cover'd bayt,  
 You hope, since will in loves exchang repay'r.  
 I hope so too, faith it was fancy sport,  
 Should you not get her portion mortgag'd fort.  
 T'may be you were in teare to loose it, and  
 Made an assurance-office of her hand,  
 Or did the charmesfull sparkles of her eye,  
 Dant your faint hart int' a delivery?  
 Goe charge the country then, for it was done;  
 I am your witness between sun, & sun:  
 You that your gold thus to a virgin yeild,  
 Doubtlesse a bush had robd you in the field;  
 How if some theif should steale away her heart,  
 And of her portion take thy gold in part?  
 This were a double miserie, for then you  
 Loose both your gold, and your adventure too.  
 T'may be you think you have good anchor-holde,  
 And in her pockets bottom thrust your gold.

Maldene

Maidens are mutable, be wise, beware,  
 The wind, & wayes, not more unconstant are,  
 But you have balanc'd him with gold, least hee  
 Should suffer shipwrack in her leuitie:  
 Faist you abuse your selfe, and her much more  
 To give her monie; Give it to a whore;  
 For I must answer for her; shee durst carrie  
 The needie garb, of one that's merchaunc:  
 I wonder shee would take; But 'tis an old  
 Proverb; that none but madfolke refuse gold,  
 But all the world (should you be now deserv'd)  
 Would say, A foole and a money in soone parted

*Vpon a Porter Catching a  
 Gentlewoman as shee pass by him.*

Last night a Porter . standing by the pye,  
 An Algate, saw a handsome lass com by,  
 To whom hee flew with all his speede to court her,  
 I wonder, for shee did not call a porter,  
 Still hee did huggand in his armes enfold her,  
 As if he meant to heave her on his shoulder;  
 Hee wound her so, a slander by straie swore,  
 Some gentleman had sent him for a whore,  
 Shee cald him rogue, and sure shee cald him right;  
 Yet hee, shee should not goe, lware by his light,  
 Porter said I take heede, though shee be not,  
 Too heavy, sirrah; shee may be too hot.  
 Besides shee's of your trade, And free, shee beares  
 As many butchens as you for your yeares:  
 Though with this difference, shee beares her packe,  
 Vpon her belly; y<sup>e</sup> upon your backe;  
 Yee both weare baggs, distinguish the same way,  
 With Fryers shee of black, and you of grey;

Yon

You have a pad, and shee, for ought I saw,  
 Was like enough to have a pad ith straw:  
 You have a Cord you do about you cast,  
 Shee had a cordie robe about her wast:  
 Both have your aprons. Say you have a flock,  
 So shee haes that will rime to it, a smock:  
 Shees call'd upon, and calls upon her too  
 Sometimes a Porter such a knave as you.  
 But I perceive you well whereto she ply'd  
 And had the fit comie on you now to ride:  
 If not, you are a lasie lobby right,  
 To struggle with a burthen was so light.

## At a Tapsters wedding.

**F**Aith I will tell you now a prettie trick,  
 This Tapster, got the wench just in the nick,  
 Shee was, say these! But why should I be loath  
 To tell the truth? shee was, as light as froath:  
 Hence I perceive, the Proverbs somer mose erest,  
 For shee that's light, does not dye coppermost.  
 Shee had been broacht a hundred times before,  
 No matter, he had capt as many more:  
 Shee's modest though, as I'me an honest man  
 Shee blushes, just like any Cedar can.  
 And cause shee be a smirking rogue, shee sweare  
 shee snatch the smiles from all the laughing here,  
 But heres enough of her, lesse kisse the Cup  
 And if her Husband, wont weel keep her up,  
 At his hot part, hee was so crank, his geare  
 Out of his Godpeice, flew like bottle here.

But

But she hoping the worst did clasp her thigh  
 Close to the wall, that here a drop went by  
 She was a thirsty wench he got from Wopping,  
 That thought it fit to louse the least tap-dropper.  
 Heard her say my selfe though he should kill her  
 Up to the brims, he should not want a Killer:  
 She told him of his wenching too, and swore  
 Unless he left it, she would quit his score;  
 Nor should he ramble up and down the Town  
 Nor draw through any (Fallet but her own  
 Faith if you do, (and cut an Oath she lathes)  
 He find you out among your balderdashes)  
 And if your tralops must not be forborne,  
 He break your pots: And make you drink in horne.  
 But end the feast, adding one more our passe is  
 See here the Spiggits married to the Easter.

### Summer

Naked cast their skins, and they are young  
 Summers the substance, winter the can-kn.  
 Summer is Youth in sprightly Equall page,  
 Wines a deception, lie, a false Age.  
 So's aurea becomes to guide the worlds vast stage,  
 Twere small mistake, to call the golden age;  
 Summers all praise, what need it then a Poet  
 To speak it faire? since who know nought else, know  
 I might imbeddish summers sweet complexion,  
 Call Winter death; Summer the resurrection.  
 And when my tale with all my art is told  
 What will the world conclude my news, but old?

Nor

Nor is it more then children use to say,  
 A summers' evening, is a winters day.  
 But lye abruptly off, and what I have,  
 Begun absurdly, as absurdly leave;  
 Least I goe scale the spheares, and blinde with light  
 Set in a cloud & simply say, Good night:

*In prayse of winter.*

✕ **H**ONOUR and Age inhabits the same spheare;  
 Winter is the antiquity of the year:  
 Grave signiour Hyems, to his hoary pate,  
 And snowy beard, denounce his aged state.  
 See but how like a statlye traveller,  
 ✓ Northward hee comes; Autumne's his harbinger,  
 That bids the trees unmask, unweyle their creasts  
 That he may read submission on their breasts;  
 Whilst their green offspring lowly fall, to greet  
 The potent presence of his stable feet.  
 The gawdy bankes pack up alas! here comes  
 No midwife, April, to unteeme their wombs,  
 May here the snow'd downe waters stand, and  
 Rivers are ChrySTALLIN'd, Neptunes hall is glazed,  
 Spouts have their pendants, paultry thatch receive  
 Translucent Chrystall, And adorne his Eaves.  
 I feare a fable, but I here presume  
 To iustifie, that Iove descends in plume,  
 And that the stupid Earth may know he comes,  
 The Heavens send down whole showers of Sugar  
 plume.  
 Whilst fireets are pay'd with Pearl: Let summer  
 boast  
 Such pomp, such cares, and all my praise is lost.

But here's not all of winter, you shall see  
 His providence for mortall wights, whilst hee  
 Locks up the graine in bolome of the Earth,  
 Till Ceres bleſſe it with a thriving birth.  
 How would the blade endure th' Æolian rugge,  
 But winter guards it, with his ſnow-white rugge?  
 We may conclude his power, in that he can  
 Enioyne the Alps a pennance as a man.  
 The laucie Duſt cheeke into mud, and mire,  
 Merits no mention, our reports are higher:  
 Summer breeds ſurters and infects the blond,  
 Winter is haile againe, and makes all good:  
 Is beauty of eſteem? then winter can  
 Roaſt, hee abſtergeth Summers freckled tan:  
 Ladies ſo ſpruce to captivate mens fight,  
 Borrow March winds to make that ſpruſeneſſe  
 white.

Winter makes men courageous, who dare  
 Dance upon *Thetis* lap at midſummer.  
 In Summers dayes even length, and lazineſſe meet  
 Winters are ſhort, The Proverbs, ſhort and ſweet,  
 Theres none ſo bad to be call'd dog-dayes here,  
 No no we move, not in ſo baſe ſpectacles  
 No ſcorching Sunne ſcalds, any man may  
 With a good faggot make a Summers day,  
 What entertainment to a winters ſeaſon  
 What Chriſtmaffe, pray, can I ſay of July boar?  
 Summer alas hath no Æolian breath,  
 To reſcue his periſhing ſouls from death,  
 Flame-colour'd hearth, even ready to expire,  
 Looks pale as aſhes, Sol puts out the fire,  
 Trees ſtrait are lopt then, and their verdant locks  
 Borrow'd, to border ovt the Chymnie ſtocks  
 Set out with trunks of trees, ſtumps, ſpruces and all,  
 As if the Chymnie were ſome Hoſpitall:  
 In winter time the hearth ſtands alter wiſe,  
 And men with hands erected ſacrifice.

VVhile

Whilst in ground the Priests of Mass do sing  
 Ingenious Anthems, to their grape-crowns King  
 In winter then as cold meat make a dish,  
 In Summer they are glad of such a dish,  
 Winter hath boyld, and bak't, and roast, Alas!  
 Summer turnes men, as men do beasts, to grass  
 Winter makes warres of teale, who would not be  
 If peace and plenty have no strife, then what  
 I might enlarge my self, but thus farre may,  
 Suffice to sayell on a winters day,  
 VVho likes not this, a gods name let him run  
 Out of Gods blessings, into the warm sun.

### Upon Yorkshire Ale.

**P**ON take your Yorkshire Ale,

It did so firke my ale,

That I had like bestrif mee,

Besides, so damnd a tumour,

Possesses dwell in hamour,

As it had almost splintered,

Now hang thee like of Yark,

Thou giv'st us neither Cork,

Not yet convenient wedges;

And know'st thy wylie wort,

Is wont to make us squort

Over a thousand hedges.

3.

That men should sit and fuddle  
 In such a sink of puddle  
 And to, and fro to put her  
 In such Ambrosia sucks  
 A Company of Ducks  
 Out of a filthy gutter.

4.

For my part Ile get bay'e  
 And in my belly lay'e  
 Having drunk this dirty floud:

What ere my palat feel's,  
 There cannot but be Eels,  
 Where there is so much Muddle.

No mar! such nappie Ruffe  
 A falling Band, and Ruffe  
 Throughout the Citry, haunts in

When I drink any more,  
 Then call mee such a whore,  
 Asile call her that launts it.

6.

Doublelesse the men are mad  
 Where water may be had  
 That soop such nasty gore.  
 Some call it a remedy  
 Against the Stone, but I  
 Have laid a Stone as dore,

To

To humour palats, But for mine alone  
 Give mee your dealing and your drink right down.  
 Hays at thee then (my boy) for a blyth pull,  
 VVeel wrap our noses up in thy Lambs wool:  
 And when our Cups advance a lustie heame,  
 VVee'l hum thee up *John of Hierusalem*.

The Postscript.  
*To the precedent Poem.*

**B**Ut what? your angry, twas not my intent  
 To slay the Lamb; or hurt the innocent:  
 VVhist! whist for shame! least people as they passe  
 Say, Look yee there dwells *Bar-tan* and his Als,  
 Come *Jack* be wise and thy self sober keep  
 And thou shalt be mine Host, when they are Sheep  
 Tel them the reckning twice twelve pence a peece  
 I'll warrant thee that thou shalt get their fleeces;  
 And let them then come, and laugh thee to scorn,  
 VVhen thou hast turn'd them out, like sheep new  
 shorne.

*In Commendation of  
 Yorkshire Ale.*

**W**oman be nimble, and let's see thy craft,  
 My early stomach craves a mornings draught;  
 Bring me that Indian pot whence I may sip  
 The Nectar of black *Cleopatras* lip:

The

*To my right well reckon'd host  
at the Lamb.*

**M**ine host, or shepheard which is fitter title  
Since you keep sheep, though in the barly pytle, ✓  
They say, ther's many a well provided ramme  
Comes to turne of his horne with your sweet  
Lamb

The fallow Ewes when the Tups are fled,  
Set too, and sweare theyle drink all weathers dead.  
This though, is much complain'd of, that you keep  
An old brown Curre to worry all your sheep.  
Nay mote, as some report that have been there,  
There is a kinde of magick in your beer;  
And *Hocus pecus* drawes it too, or else  
It turnes your sheep to foxes first, And then  
A game at Noddy, Theres your sheep agens:  
Sure since taught thy Cup this cunning charm.  
To metamorphose with so little harm.

But stay! you keep a Scriv'ners shop mee think  
VVhere pipes for pens, and best here, serves for  
Ink;

Y have clarks too, and industrious ladds, for some  
Run, making of Indentures all th' way home.  
Else bedding with the Lamb, they rub their eyes  
And shake their Eares, and with the Jarke they rise.  
He come and see thee faith mine host, perhaps  
Bring thee as many guests, as thou hast taps.  
Then wormwood, Succory, Scurvy-grais, & Sage  
With Lemon, shall advance in Equippage

To

The marrow of Malt: where the nut-brown toaft  
Smiles in the flowrie Ale, whose mirthfull hoaft  
Makes mee turne Marriner, and bicher faile  
To court the confines of this famous Ale.  
This noble Ale, this most substantiall liquor,  
That chears the *Stade*, and makes the Genious

*quicker,*  
Ideots a ship board sick, accuse the Seas,  
Whilst their own towle stomacks are the disease  
So fooles pick quarrell with pure cleansing Ale  
Because it doth Sir reverence wring their tails;  
Mee thinks this Ale, and the old wile agree,  
So well, as *Here* and her Nurse I see.  
Would but good fellows meet, our daylie club  
Should ast the Sisters at the *Danaan* tub  
But stay, I feare, while I thus idolize  
The shrine of Ale, I but enhance the price,  
Be therefore thus sufficient to be said,  
Alive tis Ale, And *Aqua vite*, dead.

*Upon a hungry gutted Porter:*

**N**O marvell Chapman falls so to the scrap,  
The first, and best part of his name is chap:  
Which if a man but spell, he easily can  
Perceive, more letters go to Chap, then man,  
Yet this is all but mirth, although perhaps  
He may conceit I take him on the Chaps.  
Well if I do my frolick into swape  
My nimble braine, against his nimble chap.  
Yet this by way of leave ile add, a more  
In sitting poster never kept a dore.

How

How should he ope it? for hee never heares  
 If it be true, The belly hath no cares.

**E. B.** *To his noble friend, that gave  
 him a new paire of Boots,  
 and Gloves.*

*Ode foot.*

I Never drew on a compleater Boot;  
 The blushing top makes me top gallant, and  
 Me thinks I do on beds of Roses stand:  
 Nay even the very Leggs do seem to owe  
 Their orient tincture to the Sonnet of Bow:  
 Nor can I think but *Jove-Love-Je's* hide  
 Was purchast, to compleat this Ocean pilder  
 Who having been the thunderers Curtellan,  
 Blushes to crib it with the Calves of man:  
 The wax was borrow'd from the Lillyes bed,  
 And the three Sisters span, and cut the thred,  
 The Boot in the exact mode both set  
 All (in a word) from top to toe is neat.  
 As for the Shoemaker I can only tell,  
 For one hee never saw, hee fits me well.  
 Your Gloves too make me spruce, as *Jobs a Gant*  
 Protest (sweet Sir) you are right Corlevant,  
 For you have given mee Boots, and Gloyes to  
 boot.  
 What shall I say? y'have bound mee, hand and  
 foot.

## A. B. to his shoemaker.

Sirra looke to't I shall reduce your pride;  
 Rip up your saguare and clew your hide.  
 My weather long shall apt a time for th'nonce  
 To fireatch the latches of your logger sconce.  
 You were too high ith'instep, I'm astraide,  
 Your lettinesse will soone be underlaide;  
 Crispine coucht in a shoemakers disguise,  
 Cause none so base to cheere inquiring eyes.  
 Yet to fit mee should Crispine come to doe't,  
 Crispine, by love hee came but to my foot.  
 And dost thou wretch to reach this head of mine,  
 Muster thy bristles as the Porcupine  
 Her quills presumptuous trash, I could afford,  
 To send the challenge to the cutting board;  
 New vamps your manners, & more modish bee,  
 Least I may fireatch you on a grosse grained tree:  
 Where being once set up, tis too late one,  
 You'l find it harder to come off, then one;  
 Villian avant, henceforth nere looke to have  
 The length of my foot, since y' have paid the knave  
 Noe hoe, I view your bill and there I see  
 The very place where my shoe pinches mee;  
 But make your master pray of what is past,  
 Fellow believe, 'tis me y' have had y' our last.  
 And that the world may see in every line  
 I fit the foot, as thou hast fitted mine.  
 Thus I in face translate thee, goe, extend  
 Thy base spun thread, to make a Cobler end.

*Vpon his giueing a payre of shoes to  
get the former paper answered.*

Silly, and sencelesse, knocke their heads together,  
To forge a foolish answer, knowing neither  
To whom, nor how, onely they would burst forth  
Some thing, that men might see their want of worth.  
He bray you in my mortar fooles, and then,  
Make yee a pastime for the worst of men,  
Incorporate yee vellells, base absurd,  
With *Album Gracum*, and the Diuells turd,  
Compound yee up into a pocky pill,  
With C. & G. & D. & Sarsiperill,  
And Sassafras, whilst all that see yee, shall  
Say yee are rogues: *Alexipharmacall*,  
I hope it shall suffice, when I have brought  
Your bodies into stomes, worse then thought;  
Some fishwives kist your fancies, taught ye frays  
The rabulous dialect of Billingsgate,  
And yet I like your taile timber for it,  
Came just in time as I had list to sit;  
A Ceremonie then end these farres,  
You and your Poet after kisse mine Armes—  
But didst thou think up to reuenge to climb,  
As a poore mercenary, hacking ryme, (stretch  
That thou couldst thy letherne purse stringe  
Into the latitude my braines would reach)  
Oy, poore foole! when my keene Satyre come,  
With your hat, and scrape your answer, number  
Shouldst thou buy lines, to answer mee thou fopp  
Write, till't cost thee all the shoes ith shop.

Alice Goffe.  
*A poore woman taken stealing soape.*

**W**hy how now woman? what's the newes belike  
 You serve'd the grocer but a slippery trick,  
 I was very cheap, nay marry you must thrive,  
 If wee pay ten, & you get under five,  
 But say, they say the grocer turn'd his eyes,  
 And you stole, both the custome, and excise;  
 And well enough you did, but a rope  
 The mischeife lyes, you should have left the sope,  
 You made with way with'e, being but a reach,  
 But have a care, it may cost a stretch,  
 You know the proverb, it's as true as old,  
 If the one chance to slip, & hoister, will hold.  
 Alas you never could have stall'd a badder,  
 Commodity, sope brings you to the ladder.  
 You think to have it with a wet finger, but  
 A cleanly thiefe had better be a slue.  
 Come, Come, stay the hoggs leisure pray, I hope  
 As good as you doth wash with Lincolnshire sope,  
 If you steale sope to make your clothes so fine,  
 Youle bring your selfe, as well as them, to th'line.  
 Yet I confesse, twas pittie goody Goffe,  
 Stealing good sope, you came no cleaner of.

*To my Noble Friend.*

**T**His after-noon your riding Boots and bands,  
Your good grey cloak, and Gloves came to my  
hands;  
The Gloves were trim, the Cloak most purely  
feels,  
The bands, and Boots have tyed me neck & heel.

*To the same Gentleman desiring my  
verses upon any price and on*

*his sending me a*

*new Suit.*

**P**rice? out upon it, what price pray doe you  
think?

A price of paper, and a little ink.

If you like our pocket merchandise,

Traffick, and your acceptance is the price.

For mee, I think is even in justice made,

So long as you finde Boots, that we have sent.

Sir in a word, your love remains with ours,

Our suit accepted was, and so is yours.

*To a Schoole master*

*In excuse of his Scholler O. Owen.*

**T**His duskie morne the youth was merrily

Pardon good Sir, he trouble the boy O. Owen,

To my valued friends A New-years  
gift.

To my valued friends A New-years  
gift.

**H** All I but Myself Chymick rummy  
My new years gift should now be such  
Europ should it admire: But I  
Talk of Larks in a falling skie;  
In stead therefore of hopelesse pelfe,  
Deyne but acceptance, and my selfe  
Am your oblation, but alas!  
How shall this gift for current pass?  
Since what I here present unto you,  
Being given you long agoe I owe you;  
Since then our gifts prove empty dishes,  
Wee'l furnish them with whollom wifnes:  
Our first be this, where ere you come,  
May you but view, and overcome;  
Weed with you younger brothers wit,  
But that we see you stand with it,  
May thee, that moves your Amorous chin,  
Be murthered, and your pill set in;  
And let her unconcealed fires  
Foment your temperate desires,  
May favoring heaven, lend her no rest:  
On any Pillow but your breast;  
And when glad Hyems holy twine,  
Hath clapt her lilly hand in thine,  
Then let thine Amies at once unfold  
False Hellens face, and Danaes Gold:  
May all her ease, and study be,  
To love, and be beloved of thee,

And to eternize murtherall favour,  
 Heavens make her such as thou wouldst have her  
 I envie, any foes shall make yee,  
 Be this their curse, A Good yeare take yee.

---

**A L E.**

**I**S this that Ale to which the Dyets flew  
 So fast, to wadd their Copper noses blew,  
 Bidding old Ringers Cut-throat here, adieu?

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that jolly juyce, those howling bratts  
 Soak in, And on their shoulders set their fatts  
 With Rains-heads, spire of Rainbows in their hats?

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that Ye-Jove-Ruffs and so confound;  
 And send a way the Weavers shuttle stound,  
 That they could neither finde nor see the ground?

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that temple, where the weavers lay  
 To meet the merry Merchants, day by day,  
 And double Ale their single stuff away?

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that so much talk of Northen hung,  
 For which both simpletons and sages come  
 Is this that Lanyer — — — but none.

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that Ale that makes you dyers be  
So oft from home to pray tell me where were yee?  
Should all be hang'd that from their Colours live

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that same that did so much besot  
The roasted Comber, as he quite forgot  
His own, And now calls for the other pot?

*Then give us Ale.*

Yea give us Ale, for now I finde it true,  
That Merchants, Weavers, Combers, Dyers too,  
And all the world, this liquor turnes true blew:

*Then give us Ale.*

As for your Poet his unsayned wishes  
Are, that the Ocean were such Ale as this is,  
That yee, and all true trouts might drink like  
fishes.

*Then give us Ale.*

And for old Margie that Norberts minke,  
On my part, such Ale as mee brews, mee drinks.

*A Visit.*

**L**AST Fryday, to my neighbours house I stept,  
To see what Hospitality he kept;  
Soon I espied his Chimnie like a Maiden  
In the green sickardse, with her colour fading,  
Blushlesse, and bleache, only herein they sever;  
This a numbe Palse hath, and that a Fever;  
Neighbour

Neighbour said I, your Chymnies to be let  
 Why (Sir) youth hee, you see no bill ont yet;  
 Well then, said I, to put you out of doubt,  
 I guesse so; cause your fire is going out.

### To the World.

Some say *Dentalion* made the World  
 Rep: pulous, with stones he build  
 Over his shoulder; On my life  
 Tis false, Hee build them ore his wife;  
 And ever since 'thas been the fashion,  
 So to hurle stones in generation.

O. P. to A. C. that oversold him a Horse to  
 pay him at the day of his marriage, he  
 being contracted and to marry with  
 in ten dayes: O. P. not dream-  
 ing of any such matter.

Why how now *Josiah* what upon the Cutch?  
 Had I suspected yours, 'thad been no match.  
 Look how the Proverbs cross, you' hastily bent  
 To marry, yet not you, but I repent.  
 How have my starres my credulous hopes still cross?  
 You ride a coach horse: I must pay the Post.  
 Hence I the cresse of the conceited pie,  
 You were though close, as hot upon an I;  
 But I had smelt you out, and stopp'd your route,  
 Had I had as much forecast as my horse.  
 What will men say to whom this storys told?  
 Not I and not my horse, am bought and sold.

You have my monie, and I hope with it  
 That I have paid for both your horse, and wit  
 Whilst it must be of all the world content,  
 On your side a good bargain, mine, good jest,  
 But don and part, I shall revive no strife,  
 But take my beast, Sir, as you take your wife.  
 Whom herein I presume I make my debtor,  
 You, double paid, must do your work the better:  
 In brief tis thus, neither better nor worse  
 You up, and ride, and I must hold your horse.  
 Whilst I conclude as sad experience teaches,  
 Not only you, but your horse over-reaches;  
 But 'twas so close, so slightly brought about,  
 Neither my horse, nor I could stumble 't out.  
 Yet thus much might be spoken on my side,  
 Selling your horse, who'd think you meant to ride  
 But ~~twas~~ my error to conceive you lackt  
 A Nag, your wife I hope found one well backt,  
 I might have lookt him in the mouth I see,  
 Neither your horse, nor you are over free:  
 My bargain, Sir, was bad, and you have done me  
 Some injury with mine own horse, 't out runne  
 But yet if your civility extends  
 To this requital, we are absolute friends;  
 Since you are hee, whom I did so confide in,  
 You'll only lend me your old boots to ride in

*Upon the name of the same horse  
 being called Butler.*

**B**utler: why that sounds drab horse, but I  
 That thou canst scarce draw thy legs after  
 thee.

But yet thy crafty Master laid a ginn  
 And thou, and hee, made shift to draw mee in.  
 But Try will tell thee these are things of course,  
 Synne could do it with a wooden horse.

---

*PseudoPoeta in a paper of false verses  
 inveying against Tantalus for her  
 lying tales.*

SHall I condemne *Tantalus*, and not you?  
 Her tales were false, your verses are not true.  
 Be gentle pray, you seem to have forgot  
 The proverb, whilst the kill upbraids the pot.  
 Come, yee are guilty both, of oversight,  
 Neither your verses, nor her tales are right.  
 Yea I could show you too as many slips  
 In your false feet, as in her laltering lips.  
 But I excuse yee both, for you perchance  
 As well as shee, did it in ignorance.

*Veniam petimus dabimusque.*

---

*Upon ——— his Picture  
 Prefixt to his A'manack.*

W hat base aspect is this? didst thou devise  
 This haggish look, to be thought weather  
 wise?

Gypse,

Gypsies doe just the same, they get an ill  
 And counterfeit complexion, that's their skill;  
 But thou, as thine owne patron didst advance  
 This front; A lye had need of countenance,  
 Whence, by the by, no wiseman undertakes,  
 The patronage of any almanacks,  
 Yet I durst sweare, ther is, if truth were known,  
 Nothing in thine, but the foolcs face thine owne,  
 That p'face false and foul nor is that yet  
 Thine owne, but like the rest they counterfeit.  
 But mumm, since I have lately underslood,  
 That you with the fowre hundred prophesie good,  
 Yet thus by way of caution, take heede now,  
 You tell a lye, And let a face on't too.

*To Mr. upon his  
 Silly Epitaph in print.*

**B**ut didst thou pump this lamentable stuffe?  
 Priest the lines are pittifull enuff;  
 Th' are somewhat shallow, but if thou wouldst keepe  
 her  
 Immortall, let th' ingraver sink them deeper.  
 Thou, for the funerall, didst thy verses sort,  
 A men doe sugar plum's, some long, some short:  
 'Twas goodluck, though, they to thearse were pin'd  
 Else being lame thad sure been left behind;  
 But have a care, least with affront you greet,  
 The collenell, to send his wife a sheet;  
 Sure shee was rich enough, to leave be hinde her  
 Other gait stuffe, then thy fowle sheet, to wind her,

Didst thou intend this ling song to her honour?  
 Thou'lt plaid the Sexton, & thrown dirt upon her.  
 Thou shouldst have lighted too thy dismall dashes  
 At the next torch, and cry dashes to aches.  
 Then, as her preist, or poet choose you whether,  
 Thou'lt bury'd fame, and body both together.  
 Hadst thou soops lack, it would have brought thy  
 chymes.

In better tune and taught thee lofter ry'mes.  
 But sh' thy, muddy fancy shoves me clear.  
 Thou stoodst among the beggers, serv'd with beere.  
 Thou'lt better brooke an elegiac jeast,  
 And made an *affidavit mortuus* sp.  
 Yes, 'twas well done to avouch it with thy name,  
 Lest honest men should suffer for thy shame.  
 Thou say'st thy belly shak'd when thou didst write;  
 I think so, too, the dixel a verse was right.  
 When my ill fortune's dead, and I would laugh,  
 Ile send for thee to write an Epitaph.  
 Thou wouldst be both a Poet, and Attorney,  
 Alas thy braines won't serve thee halfe the journey.  
 Wouldst be a poet and a turney? Hark  
 What I adv'se, learne first to be a clark.  
 But here's enough; hee that writ this, hee knowes,  
 That muses Never dwell in Silly Howes.

### On the Gun-powder treason.

Now, footes! How think yee is there not a God?  
 Ask but your backs, that smart with your owne  
 rod.  
 When yee prepar'd this cup, did yee then think,  
 The drage should be the draught your selves must  
 drink?

done

Doubtlesse, yee'd not have dig'd so deepe a pitt,  
 Had yee but dream't your selves should hanfell in;  
 How black was this eclypse? what mean't yee by't?  
 A flame, and yet no light; twas hell fire right.  
 VVas ever vulcan matcht with such a horne?  
 But hee that sate in heaven laugh't yee to scorn.  
 VVhat arose blow both court and commons? pish  
 'Twas but a falsifie, a *Cal-gula's* with  
 Yea but false fire, by heaven the touch hole was,  
 So stop't the flame could not to th' barrell passe.  
 Blest be the churches great protector for't!  
 'Twas yee gave fire, but wee gave the report.  
 Infernall Angells fight with *Gabriel*,  
 And heaven it selfe seemes undermin'd by hell.  
 But O how vainely the black brood of night,  
 Mariall their mates against the sonnes of light?  
 Fear not *Bethusis*. *Holofernes* shall,  
 Be dead drunk, and by his owne sawchin fall.  
*Goliath's* boasts are breathlesse, mercilesse *Mydian's*  
 Must buckle to the brandisht blade of *Gideon*. (knock  
 VVee need not feare, nor care wee though hell  
 Our temple's built on an impregnable rock;  
 Preserv'd by providence. *Babellabrat's* may kick  
 But never move our heaven fixt candle stick,  
 The *Rome* must ruine *Rome*; tis not your ginnes,  
 Are able to ensnare us, but our sinnes:  
 Puffe till yee pant againe, alas! fond for,  
 You doe but alhes off our alters blow.  
 And whilst your bell-haecht plot, your hate reveal  
 You don't extinguish, but inflame our zeal.  
 The wind, that shakes the boughes, fastens the roon  
 And you confirm us, whilst yee goe about.  
 Thus to supplant us, tush! yee doe but hence,  
 Endear us to our God, for new defence.  
 But would you be reveng'd? then thus let't be,  
 Plot so, as he that made the eye, may'nt see.

To the right honourable the C. of  
**D O R S E T,**

*Promising a Gentleman her Kinswoman  
 in marriage.*

M A D A M,

**T**He charmesfull language from your lips distilld  
 My ravisht eares with heavenly musick fill'd,  
 Had I led Love unto your Nieces heart;  
 And praid him there transfix his keeneft dart  
 His being blind would have left him exempt  
 From penalty, And charg'd the whole attempt  
 On my account, whose boldnes durst aspire  
 (Promethus like) unto celestiall fire.  
 Twere sacrilege, and just such, to bereave  
 Diana of a Nymph, without her leave.  
 Or steal a starre from off his region  
 Whilst Phoebe slept with her Endymion.  
 I had been felon to your honour's blood  
 And stolne a signet from that royall boud.  
 Had not your grace first given me my book  
 The golden Scepter of your gracious look.  
 But now with humble confidence I resort  
 To this faire stream, having your warrant for't  
 Only let me beseech your honour that  
 You'd ratifie it with a second date.  
 Then being arm'd with this encouragement  
 My next addresse is to the Lady bent:

My

My fortunes balance, on whose only breath  
 Depends the sentence of my life, or death.  
 If such a match felicitate my life,  
 He treat her as my Mistress though my wife.  
 He study what may please her, and contend,  
 With fate, to make her happier to the end.  
 As for you gracious madam deigne mee still,  
 The clear beames of your ladyships good will;  
 So shall I be assist'd what I commence.  
 Shall ripen in such sun light influence:  
 Meane while no thought shall from my breast arise  
 But what I dare present as sacrifice.  
 Thus I returne my selfe to both, whilst shee.  
 Possesse my heart; your grace commands my knee.

### *The weaver: Memento mori.*

**A** honest weaver willing to make sure  
 His soule and body with arts ligatur.  
 Betooke him to his trade, and having got  
 The knack on't, knit them on a weavers knot.  
 But death a craftie merchant found a brack,  
 And let him plainly see 'twould hold no rack,  
 Here's stuffe quoth hee, alack it will scarce be worth  
 The looking on, when I have laid it forth.  
 Where is the fresh gloss, is this the lively red?  
 You spake of, but tis faded, Red, and dead.  
 Alack and well a day the weaver said,  
 How dearly have I for this colour paid?  
 And yet it gives you no content, but I,  
 Boore I must let, must leave my work and die.

And mee impartiall death where thou dost come,  
 Thou shalt cutt off, or conclude the thum.  
 My beame as strong, but strength will not prevaile  
 Golyah's speare stout as my beame did faile;  
 My nimble shuttle stirring here, and there,  
 Presents my life's in stable character:  
 Mark but how swift it to its exit tendes,  
 So fleetly fly wee all unto our ends:  
 It puts but forth, and at its pass arrives,  
 So doth our death begin even with our lives;  
 My globe like wheel about its pole is hurld,  
 As the heavens are rapt about the world.  
 And turning to my filling boy behind me  
 His winding pipes, does of my wind pipe mind mee.  
 If hee stand still I must not work, if hee sit,  
 Will not my pipes my work will looke impair.  
 A constant motion to my trade belongs,  
 So nature hath her loome, my breast, my lungt  
 My blouds' her posting shuttle swiftly flies,  
 Through the strait conduits of my arteries.  
 My purple veines her warping is, my haire  
 My tendons, hind, my nerves her racking are,  
 My solid parts, my able bones are some,  
 Appointed beames, some holdfasts of her loome.  
 And thus in there owne loomes doe all men weare,  
 And women too from cradle to their grave.  
 Nor cease wee all a bove a minutes breath,  
 Till wee be turned out of worke by death.  
 Thus from those instruments by which I learn  
 My livelyhood, to dye I likewise learn.  
 I looke but on my eyes, And I can read  
 In them the seperation of my thread.  
 In laying of my countours, still I found  
 The lowest, a memento of the ground.  
 The fashions teach mee since they keep no stay,  
 The fashion of this world passess away,

Come

(90)

Come then and welcome death I have chosen  
Of this vaine world, its frail, and druggie skin  
Can tempt mine eyes no more, come fetch me  
home

Ile give my life, for death; my loome for loome

---

To Constantia

Let others ply the oares t'wixt doubts and fears  
For I am past those rocks, those tydes of tears,  
My sullen starre is fallen, warr's past, and I  
Laidon with trophies of my victorie,  
How doe I blisse my fate that I did meet?  
With one so true, so faithfull, and so sweet.  
My humble knee bowes henceforth to no shrine,  
(Though Venus were thy rivall) but to thine,  
Happy my dearest, happie hee may lye,  
Vnder the tropick of thy gracious eye,  
Nothing but death shall my firme faith remove,  
Nothing but the cold sore shall coole my love.  
The Gardeon knot that could nor be untied  
By any, did *Alexanders* sword divide.  
Our love knot's faster, nor shall armes, nor  
Valink the chain of our vnited hearts.  
The noon-tyd sun may chance run retrograde,  
And as a Daphne follow his own shade,  
Heaven may descend to earth, And earth aspire  
To Heaven, And water be at peace with fire,  
Fishes and fowles may change their elements,  
And take a glory in their new contents.  
But when I faile, but when I cease to love,  
The center shall from its fix base remove,

(601)

VWhen I divid the thread our loves have spun,  
The streames shall back upon there fountaines run.  
This I conclude a possibilie,  
I may surmount my name: but never thee.  
Ceres cickle: whether art thou gone?  
See'st not our hopes into full harvest growne?  
Come boonest Bacchus, come let's have a health,  
To our best wishes; love hath store of wealth.  
View here our vintage, see our blest increase,  
Of swelling grapes that only want the presse.  
Maid Hymen hast, for wee must find in you,  
The end of our desires and verses too.

---

To Bovino.

Y<sup>e</sup> bull is Sir, if you meant a prize,  
VWith milke at the bovine exercise.  
Push forward your good motion Sir, you may,  
Beware my landlords cornucopiae  
But to speake naked truth they say that you,  
Doe not run to the bull, but to the cow.  
VWhere you your selfe in manner of a ball,  
Doe give Entrop her white belly full.  
And as tis fit you should haveeing gone halves  
In getting, now you help to keepe the Calves.  
But have a care Sr. Stephens wide gates are near,  
You'l run your selfe out ere you be aware.

---

The

And I shew the bread of life to the world  
 The first time I shew it upon the mountain

**M**ary no former self  
 The Harp and Cross  
 Smile & sweet face  
 Upon your State  
 Attend all health  
 This Cup of wealth

# The F L E E T S.

The Nation of the Dutch  
 It all good fortune & growth  
 Viceroy and his Seaforth  
 Shall be we my daily cross  
 Upon the Dutch and Dutch  
 Viceroy and his Seaforth  
 The Goodling port  
 I shall be we

*To a drunken Porter reeling into the  
Ring to wrastle with a Taylor.*

Hey hey pot-valiant Porter, friend, I feare,  
That you have somewhat more then you can  
beare.

You make mee laugh to see you face and crack,  
You puppie, I could beare you on my back,  
Out of the Ring unless you were more stout,  
The Taylor swears heel fling, or cut you out.  
You stand so waving and so tottering,  
As if there were an Earth-quake in the Ring.  
And eye the Taylor, as you would adore him,  
Yare so devout you scarce can stand before him.  
Do you not heare him say it shall go hard  
But at the first touch hee'l turne up your yard.  
Nor will he use a quarter of his strength  
To measure all your quarters out at length.  
See but his active stout, and able limb,  
Porter I see you'll never carry him.  
Go wrastle with yond tree you dixzie crowne,  
More need to hold you up, then bule you downe.  
Had you as many leggs as any louse  
The eyes of Argus, Hands of Hyrcanus,  
All would not do it, for like Polypheme,  
You would be run down in this drunken dreame,  
And in the turning of a hand be found  
As sure as louse in bosome, on the ground.  
Cord's fist his hands and feet, Then if you can,  
Stand too, and throw the ninth part of a man.  
But your athletick art's not worth the trying  
Go go a man may see where you've been plying  
Brave

( 96 )

ve sport, a Porter, and his fox turnd loose  
ncounter with a Taylor and his goose  
Thus I perceive tis fatal to us all  
As for a lustie cup to take a fall,

*A Brewer that promised mee a Staggs  
Tongue, and dissappointed me!*

Ow your speech markers Sir, what youel  
Your selfe be Brewer, and make mee the fool,  
th sir you should not need your word to break  
e sure your beere wont make a Cat to speak  
ne come let's bat, without a tongue, I vow  
I will never speak good word of you,  
you lo poltrick to think by failing  
of my tongue, you do prevent my sayling  
eave it not, Sir, I can cant my wrong  
e injurd Phylomel without a tongue,  
gues are unruly members but I see  
it you can rule yours, where it should befree  
to be fool'd, and bas'd all a long,  
ould make one speak that had but half a tongue  
I perceive the reason now my friend  
r tongue is fast by the roots with Chymayes  
end.

all far peace sake, pocket up this wrong  
keep my hands of, because you keep your  
tongue  
e tongue a two edged sword, and by the cup  
ny conceits, I scarce can pick up  
y the Staggs tongue, be grateful for yoke head  
I have the Staggs tongue you promised.

*M*

My furie fl  
the Dives  
it beg  
like a w  
erwer be f  
halfe you  
ay be you  
be sure y  
Thus am I  
a writing.

To this B

WEE  
Wee were  
Have mad

You seem t  
Expected b  
Our skill  
Offeavers  
but wee so  
Them swin  
The be aff  
Then wet  
And where  
the paper  
Thanks th  
ould be

furie flames } fears } shall ere long  
 Dives need your cooler for my tongue  
 It begins } lee to teare, and rend  
 like a womans tongue that knows no end  
 werbe sure then that you stand aloof  
 esse you bring your tongue under my roose  
 y be you'l say, that you have none, but }  
 sure y't one have told me a divillish lye,  
 as am } faine to vindicate my wrong  
 writing, because I have lost my tongue.

*I am pateris telis vulnera facta tuis.*

to this Brewer sending mee halfe a dozen  
 tongues.

WEE judge it just that we distill our lungs  
 In gratitude to you thus sent us tongues.  
 we were a little too long tongu'd but you  
 have made the tongues fit for our mouths Sir,  
 now.

you seem to make us double tongu'd, for we  
 expected but the halfe of what wee see.  
 Our skill in Physick sayes the Sings are sicke  
 Of feavers for the tongues were hot and drie,  
 but wee too wash down such conceits, and make  
 them swim in best Beer for the Brewers sake.  
 The beasts that lost them should not be more brags  
 Then wee, if we should offer to be mute.  
 And where as wanting tongues we could allow  
 for paper praise, we cry a larger now.  
 Thanks then thrice bound Sir, Twere best we  
 should be tongue-tyde, where your tongues are lo-  
 free.

To my strange Rivall, servant to the Sister  
of my Mistresse, ingrossing both  
his ewne and mine.

*The Scene Jack Newbery.*

**Y**are but a Jack by Jack a Newbery

To overcharge your selfe, to injure mee  
Be not so greedy, you two, and I none  
The time may come youll find enough of one  
Neither had been of our desires heretofore  
Had you but had your right: and I the left,  
Take heed you play not *Asps* dog whilst you  
Cover the substance, and the shadow too.

Trust mee I must relent this injurie  
To overdoe your selfe to undoe mee  
Tis basenesse in the abstract greedy sinner,  
Having thy belly full to crave my dinner,  
But I perceive *my* talk is no end,  
For thou wilt burst thy self to starve thy friend.

This folly I have oft in children known,  
Either two peeces, or they will have none.  
And here to the I may it well apply.

Tis better fill thy belly, then thy eye.  
Traitor and thief thou, I rob'd mee of my Jewell

But for the *side* end it is a duell.  
And faith I must too, come the worst event  
That can be, but six moneths imprisonment.

And what is that to mee since I must be  
Her Prisoner even in height of liberty,  
Say death ensue my challenge? Shall I doubt

To dye for her, I can not live without  
Faile not this after noon then to mee mee  
Precise at four, at Jack a Newbery

Your weapons what you please, unless my tale  
Oppose, lie send you home by Cripple-gate.

To a Gentleman that promised, but  
 failed, to meet mee at an  
 Ale-drappers.

NOW halfe an hower past six, and more, & failest  
 Your friend, a second time? Come give us ale  
 Are you all disappointment, is your frame,  
 And fabrick only such? Go fetch the same.  
 VWhat! was I borne to wait? upon my soule  
 You wrong my patience, woman, fetch a Rowle. T  
 Your actions are unhandsome without baile  
 Or manplee, you are condemn'd, go fetch more Ale  
 Shall we loose such a morning, such fair weather?  
 Go (faith) even fetch a brace of pots together.  
 Look, if he come yet; we are sure of these  
 Not yet in sight? goe fetch the Holland Cheese,  
 What? you don't see him yet; well, we must call  
 For other sin of Ale, to wash downe all.  
 March in my black-brow'd pots; untill ye stand  
 Before mee, like an *ethiopian* band.  
 Faith, I am now in, goe to, trye, if yee  
 Belipsed beauties, be good leachery.  
 Come then, and give me lip room, shall I not  
 Kisse your black lippe? why? Ladies kisse the pot;  
 Yes I must kisse, and friends; for it appeares  
 My wrath hath made me pull ye by the Eares.  
 Excuse me, pray, if I my selfe forgot  
 For all the world can tell, I love the pot.  
 And therefore this doth my content beget,  
 Though I had no luck, I had pot-luck yet.

*To an other Gentleman, that served  
me such a trick.*

**N**OT yet, not yet, and yet the Chymes done going?  
Some Beer, and Sugar buy / come, let's be  
doing;

My expectations big, come fill away,  
Hope is an Anchor, Anchors make us stay,  
Hambro' like, untill the Clock strike few  
I mean to drink, *or* *delicet*, till two.  
Nay I'm resolved, if I be alive,  
Since I am In, I will not out till five;  
Then never grutch at what I see you hear,  
I am no waiter, but where there's good cheare,  
Sir, I am none of those, that can digest  
Hopes false conception: Boy, fetch the best.  
Hope is my issue, wherein I'm b' guild,  
You get it, pray, then answer for the child;  
If not, you must, nay (faith) you shall, be willing  
To pay the Nurse; And that is just two shilling.

*To a Philomuse from whom I received  
a Paper upon the same Subject  
and by the same Post.*

**W**ELL my good Col, what the same fish  
That I was trying, saith I de wish  
To meet the officer in my dish  
The proverbs, good witha jump, we both design  
The plot, yet neither knew each others minde.

But didst not think it strange to see,  
 My part borne in thy Symphonie;  
 True stimee I marvelld much at thee,  
 Nay under *Morpheus* you complaine your *Muse*;  
 Mine under *Saturne*; *Nat. A. p. in the*  
 Well fare thy pen, recula to light  
 This plot, that else had slept in night  
 (As dark as *Faux* his Lanthiron) might  
 (Should we neglect such mercy) us include  
 In as high treason, deep ingratitude,  
 In godamercy for thy sonnet,  
 Let all *Papists* descant on it;  
 Whilst all *Protestants* vaile the Bonnet;  
 But for this time ile let thy praise alone,  
 Least having writ too: I bespeak mine own.

*At the Florists Feast in Norwich*  
*Flora wearing a Crown.*

Gentlemen welcome *Flora* sayes so too,  
 For thee had had no feast now, but for you;  
 Once in a yeare *Appollo* deigns a smile,  
 And gravity it selfe admits a guile;  
 Mechanicks have their meetings, and as oft,  
 As the Snake tooth to taile turnes, sing a lost.  
 Bibbers Carowse it to the god of Wine,  
 And everie bird will have his *valentine*,  
 But I had sav'd my labour of the rest,  
 Had I first said, each *Angel* hath his *Feast*.  
 How I have been neglected of late yeares,  
 To you, whom I my judges make, appears;  
 I shall not stand to tell you, since the seeds  
 Of discord, I am overgrowne with weeds;

And justly verifie the jokes of those  
 Who say, between two nettles, lits a rose.  
 Am not I *Queene* of *Zephyr's* familie?  
 And my rich traine, the earths embroderie  
 Are not my daughters the *Olympian* eyes?  
 VVhose more then terrene luster, stellifies  
 The muddy face of *Qas*, courting your view  
 VVith colours, such as *Lies* never knew.  
 VVitness the felds, luxurious in my smile,  
 Presents the country every day a guile.  
 But tush! I come not here, to feast your eyes  
 VVith simples, such as rustick sopperies:  
 For what alas! are *bottles* blew, or *white*,  
 Or travellers joy, to citizens delight?

Hence, rusticks, hence yee perry plumes of May,  
 Though we<sup>th</sup> and beauty of the spring, away;  
 This feast fars not with you, noe *these* are they  
 Shall crowne the triumph of faire *Floras* day:  
 The *lilly* and the *rose*, shall not be seene  
 Amongst us, though of *Bowers* the King, & *Queene*  
 Nor th. humble *violet*, These, most lively, wee  
 Can in the garden of your vertues see.  
 Hence *galdy-lacks*, though hand maid of the sun,  
 Here's no roome for a pot companion;  
 Save such whose pots pufte up with richest earth,  
 Are the *lucina's* of a nobler birth,  
 The immortall *Amarynth*, shall not here be shewn  
 Nor he, who fancy'd no face but his owne:  
 These are our toys, our trifles, But now, wee  
 Come to uncabinat our treasure.

The lustie and the country gallant too,  
 As pledges of our loves present wee you.  
 The *spanish*, *French*, and *welsh* infants we  
 Commend for their unmatched varietie.

The painted Lady, (think it though no raine  
 Into her beauty, for tis natures pain)  
 The rare *Diana*, not shee whome we find  
 In the wild woods, nor, this is garden kinde;  
 On whom a man may looke, and, smiles importune,  
 Without the danger of a horned fortune.  
 Next this sweet dame, There's the *Begonians*,  
 The lovely *Comans*, The pearlesse *Gramscere*,  
 The *Peckemakers* white, *Taunies* cumbers: *cornations*  
 The flowers which nothing want but admiration.  
 The *murry*, *multian*, and the *Haljudike*  
 Were plenteous want of wisdome not to like;  
 The faire *Amelia*, the *Nymph Royall*, and  
 The *Turks cap*, the *adonis*, the *Le grand*,  
 The *Hugonant*, *Appelles*, and *French marble*,  
 Whose such whose praise, a *phylomet* should warble.  
 The *Oxford* had attended on the crowne,  
 But that to tell you truth her's out of towne.  
 There's the gray *Hule* though, and white *Cornation*,  
 Would challeng more then common commendation.  
 The *Vannacker*, the black *imperiall*  
 And *CrySTALL* too, the *mirrour* of them all.  
 Both *wiggon*s, low, and *loftie*, *Angelot*  
 The *Stranger*, the *Catwiser*, and what not?  
 The *Duke of Venice* preience here you see,  
 And *York* the flower of the nobilitie.  
 Thus gentlemen hath, *Flora* told her store,  
 If you can find a wish yet ask for more.  
 And yet (propitious soule) before you leave her,  
 Shee vows to bring you in the *Princes favour*.  
 Had yee but met, when *salops* were in towne  
 She then had given you every one a crowne.  
 But did I call the *Lillie king* of flowers?  
 Out of all doubt then these are *emperours*.  
 If those be *starres* then these are *planets* sure,  
 If these but shine; those *simples* are obscure.

Here's colour upon colour, you may seek  
 A field to match the graces of one cheek:  
 But I shall add no more, save only this,  
 That here Comparison is odious.  
*Ceres*, and *Bacchus*, promis'd to be here,  
 And the best brewer sent us in our bere:  
 Since there's neither want Beer, Wine, nor

gust,  
 Flaggons and flowers shall flow at *Flora's* feast.  
 Let chearful Cups crown a carousing day;  
 Ambrose shall broach, ye the *Ambrosia*.  
 Your eyes see *Flora's* heaven and that your ears  
 May feast too, hark *Apollo* moves the spheares.

*The Song.*

X  
 Stay! O stay! ye winged hovers,  
 The windes that ransack East, and West,  
 Have breath'd perfumes upon our flowers,  
 More fragrant then the *Phoenix* nest:  
 Then stay! O stay sweet flowers, that yee,  
 May witness that, which time nere see.

Stay a while, thou feather'd Syth-man,  
 And attend the Queen of flowers,  
 Show thy self for once a blyth man,  
 Come dispence with a few hovers:  
 Else we our selves will stay a while,  
 And make our pastime, Time beguile.

This day is deign'd to *Flora's* use,  
 If yee will revell too, to night  
 Wee'll presse the Grape, to lend ye juyce,  
 Shall make a deluge of delight:  
 And when yee can't hold up your heads,  
 Our Garden shall afford ye beds.

An EPITAPH.

Upon Oliver O dead drunk.

Here lyes a Lyon, and a Lamb,  
 Sweet, and savage, wilde and tame  
 Courtous, carelesse, Poore, and proud,  
 Man, and no man: Little, and lowd:  
 Childrens May game, fine, forlorne,  
 Courtiers comfort: Comptons scorn:  
 Kind, and currish, would ye know  
 Who I mean, tis Oliver O,  
 That companion base and boop,  
 Sets and Rings with the Sun:  
 Thus in brief his exercise  
 He pipes, dances, and he dyes,  
 And when passing we can tell,  
 For he rings our hixown knell.

Upon his second time being dead drunk,

<b>L</b> Oe here,	Twas ruffe,
Dead as the bere,	And with a puffe
Was drawn last yeare:	Out went the snuffe,
And Coffind up,	Alas! how soon
In a lost Cup,	Tis after noon
Lyes, little heart O,	This morning hee O,
Who like a fart O,	Was companie O,
Did now depart O,	For thee, or mee O

And rooke  
 Ahe Spanish smoke,  
 Into his poke,  
 As if he meant  
 Sir, by consent  
 To tune his pipe O,  
 But being ripe, O,  
 Began to type O,  
 And shall to morrow morning make's approach  
 As quick, and lively, as the fresh abroach.

But P—O,  
 No more but so;  
 Tis Oliver O  
 Lets oversee  
 This scope for hee  
 The truth to tell O  
 Till he was mellow,  
 Was a good fellow;

### *An Epitaph upon a Weaver.*

**H**ere lyes a Weaver, whom that Turk  
 And tyrant, death turn'd out of work.  
 Poore fellow he is gone, what thought  
 Hee's out of bonds would I were so.  
 Alas he sold Chamelise ware,  
 By which he say'd scarce ought but fire.  
 Gone, quoth hee I pray how should he stay?  
 Such gaine will drive us all away.  
 Well, twas a sad and suddaine change,  
 And yet to me tis nothing strange.  
 For trading's dead, and wares will give  
 No price at all, how should he live?

### *An Epitaph.*

*Dedicate to the Memorie of*  
**Dr. Ed. Cook.**

**U**nblinde your Captive fouds; what, can ye keep  
 Your eyes from teares, and see the Marble weep  
 Burit

Burst out for shame, or if yee find no vent  
 For greife, yet stay and see the stones relent;  
 If still you can forbear; weepe then to see:  
 Your stupid hearts more stone, then Niobe.

---

*On goodwife Plaine.*

**H**ere with out either welr, or gard,  
 Lyes goody Plaine in the Church yards;  
 Fresh in our memoryes, till the next raine,  
 Setle the earth againe, downe plaine.

---

*On W. G.*

*A great swearer but litle liar,*

**W**ill, the swearer's dead and gon,  
 Whether you may guesse anon,  
 Say hee is in heaven I dare not  
 In that sacred place they sweare not.  
 Where then? not in hell, no doubt,  
 For hee sweare the devill our,  
 What must then become of him,  
 Does hee neither sink nor swim;  
 Heavens forbid, we'l judge the best,  
 And conclude his soules at rest.  
 Of his oathes, hee did repent him,  
 And his conscience do'unt torment him.  
 And hee shall (heavens mercy crav'd)  
 By Gods bloud, and wounds be sav'd

---

*In memoriam Roberti Dey  
 Pharmacap. Norw.*

**A**res Parramour is dead, that men may see,  
 Nature hath no hold of eternitie.

O that my teares were legible that J.,  
 And my sad muse might weep his elegie!  
 Norwich, in sorrows weeds attend his urne,  
 It not for his; yet for your owne sakes mourne.  
 Remember citizens, yee us'd to fly  
 To sue out your reprives from death, to Dy:  
 Whose salutiferous *magazine* of artes,  
 Was your chiefe *Sanctuary* against death's darts.  
 There, feeble nature in a trice might be,  
 Arm'd against all diseases *Cap apo*.  
 But hee is gone, and in a good old age,  
 Tooke his calme *Exit* of a turbulent stage:  
 His death as harmelesse as his birth, from whence  
 His years were crown'd with double innocence; good  
 VVhilst wee, (for so perhaps heavens have thought  
 Ate left, to write our stories in our blood.  
 Time's syth hath wounded him, but hee hath got  
 Such *semper-vivum*, as hee feels it not.  
 VVith faith, hope, charitie, & contrition  
 He made up his *Celestiall composition*.  
 And with an *unction* name hee mixt a Roll;  
 Of *Gratia dei* for his wounded soules  
 Now his thread yeilded to the Sisters knife,  
 For *Aqua-vitæ* hee drinckes water of life.  
 Much might unto his prayes spoken be,  
 And only this one truth; namely that hee,  
 Even Dey, the true Apothecary was,  
 All that are left, are but synonyma's.

---

To the perpetuall memory of my ever  
 ✓ — honoured Cozen Mrs. E. H.

Vnder this sad marble lyes,  
 Natures pride; and beauties prizes;

Sach

Such, so sweet her accents were;  
 As would charme a Syrens eare;  
 Such her modest mode as shee  
 Taught the turtle charitie,  
 In summe a more venous wife,  
 Never sweetend husbands life.  
 To conclude then, all was shee,  
 Man could wish, or woman be,  
 Who lyes here, like treasure found  
 Not above but under ground.

*A Legacie to V R B A N I A  
 an un worthy Cittie.*

Citty ingrate, nay worse, but Ile include,  
 All your good nature, in ingratitude.  
 Wellfare your costly swordes which now yee wou'd  
 As faine encrimson in my innocent bloud.  
 As ere yee wisht m<sup>r</sup> Crucifige accept you; ah! your  
 Hosanna cry, and hosenecha too:  
 Is it in this; in this, I pray, I wrong yee  
 To spend my selfe, and my estate among yee?  
 If weary steps to make your Citty flourish,  
 If head, if heart, if Purse employ'd to nourish  
 Widows distrest, and orphans be a crime,  
 Grant heaven no worse offence take up my time,  
 Bark on black mouthed envie, yee as soone,  
 Affright mee, as the Syrian wolves, the moone:  
 Nor doe I envie thole, have sought with cost,  
 The honourable trouble, I have lost:  
 Lord fill my heart with thanks, my mouth with praise  
 My haire may yet see halcyon dayes:  
 God guards mee still, though I've no swordes t  
 t'davance,  
 Though no fine cap, God is my maintenance.

maine

## In Hono rem Poetarum.

W Hose poore conceit is that  
 That Poets should be poore?  
 They talk they know not what,  
 Alas! they wish no more,  
 They have Enough in that they see  
 Content is worth a monarchy.

Do not the sacred Nine,  
 Come daily to their houses,  
 And break their fast, and dine,  
 And sup, and soep carouses?  
 Who calls them poore then, that are able,  
 To feast the Muses at their table?

Yee go to Poets, when  
 Your dearest friends be dead,  
 They give them life agen  
 Though they be buried:  
 Tis strange then, Poets should not live  
 That thus can life to dead men give.

Yea all the world must know,  
 Save those to truth averse,  
 The swaine was taught to plow,  
 By Virgills fertil verse:  
 Tis strange then, he should needly be,  
 Found out the art of Husbandry.

✓ Riplie was rich I trow,  
 VVhose Poems did enfold  
 That which men hunt for soe,  
 The art of making Gold:  
 He had the Phylesophick stone,  
 Sure hee, must then be rich, or none.

Yee

Yea, do not all men say?

Poets dare any thing;

Pray was not noble *May*

Call'd brother by a *King*?

Nor is 'it more then true report,

*Satyrick* lines have hang'd a sort.

*Envidice* could tell

That being ravish'd hence,

Bold *Orpheus* ranfact hell,

And rescu'd her from thence.

Yea verses so *Magick* are,

They fetch the Moon down from the spear,

Nor have they only power,

But gifts of prophesie,

The most celestiaall dower,

Heavens give mortalitie.

Sure then they can't want costly Cates,

Being *Oracles* and *Potentates*.

They that have most, still itch

For more, more baggs to stuffe,

Whilst they are only rich,

Can see they have enuffe;

How poorly fools of Poets prate?

Come, they are poore, whom God dath hate?

*Princeps; & Vates non quovis nascitur anno.*

## Man.

What time *Jehovah* heaven, & earths Creator

Had fully finish'd the world vast Theater

He brings up Man, and gives the world to see,

His curious art, in their Epitome:

Which

VVhich but in man, he in no creature would.  
 They but of Simple, hee of Compound mould:  
 They but of bodyes only doe consist,  
 In man a bodie, and a soule contrist;  
 His bodie his base part, earth represents,  
 His heaven-breath'd soule, earth's soule, the elements  
 The ingredients of the world are water Aire,  
 Earth, fire, such man's ingredients are.  
 Your leave, And thus the semblance I rehearse,  
 Betweene the great and little Universe.

His head's orbicular, like the circular skies,  
 Whose lamps meet rivalls, in his orient eyes;  
 And as tis heaven most like; tis heaven most neare,  
 Reason swayes her majestiest scepter there;  
 That divine guest that makes a man, thence all  
 The senses borrow their originall;  
 And as their sole and supreme court, repaire,  
 To manifest their virtues in that chaire.  
 Nor may I here forget that comely front,  
 That so surprises all that looke upon;  
 Those lovely lineaments, those goodly graces,  
 Attend the sweets of well proportion'd faces;  
 What wonders nature in his tongue commences,  
 The instruments of delicious senses?  
 Which wee beyond expresse oftimes, refresh,  
 With repodies from that small filme of flesh.  
 How right heres *Pan* and *phæbus*? whilst our eares  
 Are partall twixt eur voyces, and the spheares:  
 Some time t'is full, and makes his voice as loud,  
 As thundring roaring from the shattered cloud.  
 But let's goe downward with his heires and see  
 How it does with the pile of grasse agree;  
 The number well concures, in each wee see  
 The numerous four steps of a deitie;  
 Both the effect of moisture; who so seekes  
 The *Rose*, or *Lillie*, they so blow in his cheeks;

Nay

Nay what can you present, but hee commands,  
 The lively transhape, from his *Protean* handes?  
 His blood is like the streams that to, and fro  
 Turning, and winding are, the center through:  
 Should I here swell my story, to present  
 The office of each *chord*, each *ligament*,  
 The *Nerves*, the *tendons*, and the *Arteries*,  
 My life would be too short to finish these.  
 Nay there's no member, but in it I see  
 A theme of wonder to eternitie.

And yet this body wee can't prayse enuffe,  
 Compare it with the soule it's fordid stuffe:  
 Ther's not such difference, 'twixt the sorrie case,  
 And Jewell; 'twixt the mask, and the faire face:  
 God made mans body after all the rest  
 Add after that inspir'd the soule the best:  
 The body from the earth the dust, ascends;  
 The incompounded soule from God descends:  
 T'is not the flesh, but in the soule, that wee  
 Assue the image of the deitie.  
 The bodie's subject to mortallitie,  
 The soul part of the living God can't dye.  
 Natures appointed time of change revolves,  
 And it into his elements desolves;  
 His native heat does to the fire repaire,  
 Water to water breath unto the aire.  
 The bones, and parts that are more solid must  
 Lye prisoners till they render dust to dust;  
 Meane time the soul, her native station keeps  
 In heaven, whilst nature in her causes sleeps.

*A Guesse at H E L L.*

*Par nulla figura Gehennæ.*

**A** Cursed *Tophet* ! how shall I define,  
This dismall dungeon, this sad Cell of thine:  
So dark, so duskie, so devoid of light,  
How shall I see to draw thy picture right?  
VVhat Colours shall I grinde? Colours (said I)  
Thou art all black, black as *Proserpines* Eye;  
Deep, & declivè, beneath the dead Sea is  
In a blinde hole, this thy all black Abyſſe.  
Thy pitchie Pallace, where the chearly Sun  
Nere comes, as out of his commiſſion:  
Nor lends the Moon so much as one odd night,  
To qualifie thy darkneſſe, with her light,  
VVhich we but ſleep by? No, nor all the yeare  
Does one ſmall ſtarre on thy dark front appeare.  
Thou blackeſt Moore; ask but thy *Danaan* traine?  
Their tub tath tells thee thou art labour in vaine  
Goe ask *Ixion*, elſe, or him whole ſtone  
Gathers no moſſe, they all conclude in one.  
Thou the true Negro art, and *Patentee*  
Of utter ſhades, there is no night but thee:  
The darknes the *Egyptians* felt, was but  
A type of thine, and but too fairely cut:  
*Tratareous Tullian*, how thy tract is trod?  
To *Baalzebub*, knight of the black red;  
Whoſe haggie haire, curls into ſnaky torts,  
More terrible then poets poore reports:  
His ghastly, yea his griflic looke, is ſuch  
My ſenſe ſofakes mee, if I think on't much:

His

His hornes the pitch fork is, where with he turnes  
 Those broyling Scelerons, he ever burnes  
 In flames that never shall be quencht, but hark,  
 I talk of flames, and yet I call Hell dark!  
 Flames I confesse there are, but black, not bright,  
 Yea there is fire, and yet no firelight: ✓

Fowle scind! thy nose is like a *Comet*, or  
 The rayle, of some prodigious *Meteor*.  
 Well may it serve thee for thy red hot putr,  
 VVherewith thou dost thy stifling sulphur stirre;  
 Thy sooty Eybrowes, are as black as coales,  
 Smoakt with thine eyes, that flame like Oven holes  
 Meane while the Corners where fresh Brimstone  
 lies,

Pretend a yellow Jandyle in thine eyes.  
 But 'tis the black, the black (fiend) is thy grieve,  
 But thy disease admits of no reliefe.  
 Thy mouth like raging *Aena vomits* fire,  
 The furious flakes of thy unslak'd desire,  
 As much attractive, and as mercuriell, as  
 The 7 times hotter headed furnace was.  
 Thine armes are fire setters, that embrace  
 Those monuments of miserie whose sad case  
 Thou dost not pittie, though though seem' it a  
 while,

To weep upon them, like the *Crocodile*.  
 Have you not heard of smoking Sodom? such  
 His breath's, But Sodom smok's not half so much.  
 His veynes are streams of sulphur: His loud lungs  
 His bellows; And his hideous hands his tongues;  
 His black, and melancholly blood conraines  
 VVorse venome, then ere lurkt in *Centaurs* veines,  
 And by his cloven foot, 'tis plainly showne,  
 His Kingdom runs upon Division.

These are his titles: The *Unfarb'd Gulfe*,  
 The *Raging Lion*. And the *Raging wolfe*.  
 The *wild beaſt* of the *Forreſt*, The *Annoyr*  
 Of *Chriſtian liberty*, The *Deſtroyer*.  
 The *Mortall Enemy* of all an kinde,  
 By theſe and ſuch like tearmes is he deſind;  
 Father of *Falſhood*, *Fecces* of the *Cup*  
 Of *Condemnation* who can ſumme thee up?  
 Or ſet thee forth, No hand can ere effect it,  
 Unleſſe that hand, that captiv'd thee, direct it,  
 Envie her *Enſign* on thy front diſplaies,  
 And like the *Baſilisk* at diſtance ſlayes;  
 Thy Noſe ſleep as the *Alpes* parts two deep *Cells*  
 On this ſide, *Hatred*: That ſide *Malice* dwells.  
 And cauſe ſuch beauty ſome *preservatives* aſkes,  
*Shame* and *Confuſion* are thy conſtant masks,  
 But leaſt my *Charcole* fail to finiſh thee,  
 Thou art the form, of all deformity.

As for thy vassalls, thus begin their evill:  
 Their entrance ſtrait transformes them into Devils  
 Their entertainment will be ſuch, as they  
 Shall ſee to death, But death will flye away:  
 Hard are their haps, ſo vainly ſhall implore  
 A deadly *requiem*, at death's deafned dore.  
 The torturous worme, that gnawes their conſciences  
 Doe's like *Prometheus* vultur never ceaſe  
 Curſes are all their hymnes: Their parched  
 throats,  
 Cant *Lachrymæ* in lamentable noſes;  
 Their Ditties, blaſphemies, ſereichin their ſtraines  
 Howling their tune, whoſe burthen greife ſuſtaines  
 VVith ſighs, and ſobs, gnawing their teeth, they  
 run  
 Their dolefull deſcant, and diſviſion:  
 VVell knew, our Saviour, *Judas* had eſtimated  
 VVhen he pronounc'd his birth infortunate:

Alas!

( F. 5 )

Alas! these sufferings are insufferable,  
Yet must be borne, although they be not able;  
Sad is the strength, that is but lent us, to  
Sustaine the Atlas of a greater woe.  
Of fables fond, and foolish, Poets tell,  
That Hercules went, and returned from Hell;  
VWell might he goe, but if he ere returned  
To tell his arrivall: No be heurd,  
Hee that comes to this place, he must discusse  
His Exit, with a flouter Cerberus;  
Alcides might, and Orpheus mirth, must faile,  
They can not gainst the gates of Hell prevaile,  
No hope of breaking out the Dungeons deep,  
And the vast wall, anymans is, is steep.  
Yet grant it scalable, there's a dreadfull Mote,  
Nine times surrounds it that wall, like a Mount  
Son, such a Gulph twixt thee, and mee, doth flie  
Thou canst not hither, nor we thither goe.  
Despaire, and dye, hope no revorative day,  
Since thou art banisht into Scythia.  
Yee that drink the worlds Lethe, forget God,  
See here, his Scorpions, and his flaming rod,  
Yee jested with edged tooles since *Miner* hee le  
VWas lead: But Justice hath a hand of Steele.  
Depart saies Christ, depart wretch from my sight,  
Into the bosome of confused Night.  
Hurry him hence: Head long him down beneath,  
To the black vally of eternall death.  
Think not wretch I can mand thy Curtaines close,  
To apt thine eyes to a more sweet repose;  
No! Hells hard servie'd Centinells, must keep  
Continuall watch, and never, never sleep.  
Nor be releiv'd: No *Circean* lullabies,  
Shall be of power to charm their damned eyes;  
Think now, profanest liver, Do but think,  
How thou of this so bitter Cup, wilt drink:

Call

Call in thy thought and but consider well  
 And tell me now, but what thou thinkst of Hell!  
 Didst thou lye waking on a bed more soft  
 Then downe, pluckt from the Ravens plume, how  
 oft

VVouldst thou wish morning? lingering for the  
 light

Though bed-rid, but a poor Cymmerian night:  
 Think then how thou wilt soile thy restless head,

VVhere everlasting burning is thy bed:

Think then I say of their accurst condition,

VVhose misery shall have no intermission:

This is that bitter draught, whose dire dregs be

The limits of these woes, Excruciation.

Here I break off, should I proceed to tell

VVhat thou hast lost that were another Hell.

— *In ultima casti  
 Meta furoris adest.*

### *A glimring glimpse of Heaven.*

HEAVEN! Lord what's that? Is it that heap of  
 treasure

The worldling hugs so? Or that sweet of pleasure

So idolizd? Is it that glorious puffe

Of Honour, where with men nere swell enuffe:

Or is it beauty, whose Celestiall-fire,

Blowes up that *Æna* of the worlds desire?

Eyes it else in Revenge that sweet, sweet ease,

Of injuries; Noe, noe, tis none of these:

For wealth, alas! hath wings, and all the rest

Are vanity of vanity at best.

VVhat is it then? earths VVide-stretcht Canopie

The glittering surface of the ambient skie?

Is it the Sun? that glorious globe of light

Or his bright consort, *Empress* of the night,

Noe,

Nee, none of these, we must ascend a spheere  
Two stories higher, then our eyes, and there  
O there this Heaven of heaven is, But first  
Er'e I can tell you, what it is, must dye.  
In vaine for Heavens darkling grasp about,  
I can not see't, untill these eyes be out.

Eyes have not seen, nor hath mans mortall eare  
Heard of the joyes, the joyes of joyes are there,  
Nor hath it enter'd into th' heart of man,  
Tis too angust, ah! tis too small a span.

To entertain'e, we must perforce decline it,  
Heaven were not Heaven, Could flesh, and bloud  
define it.

Grant, O my God, that I not being able  
To wade thus deep, make not Heaven seeme stable.

But loe the sacred spirit here, descends  
Unto our understanding, and commends

This inexpressive paradise, and even  
As it were by reflection shoves us Heaven.

Which he a sumptuous City calls, Built on  
And by Christ Jesus the true corner stone,

Not made with hands, the City is square square,  
East, West, North, South Gates Equidistant are.

Length, height, breadth, depth, do all conspire to be  
The uniforme of perfect Symetrie.

Twelve gates there, are of most magnificent state,  
Made of twelve Pearles, Of every Pearle a Gate,

And as twelve gates of twelve rich Pearles, so here  
Twelve rich foundations, of twelve gemms appear.

The Sardus, Sapphir, and the Burdiss,  
The Topaz, Jasper, and Jacynth are fix.

The Berill, Emerald, and Chalcididell,  
Chrysoptasus, Amathis, and Chrysolites

Make up the four times three, whose sparkling light  
Banish all possibility of night.

The stately Armes, all along as ye passe,  
Are pav'd with Gold, transparent as pure glasse.

Through

Through which, the silver streamer of life convey  
 Their Christal Currents, whilst in rich array,  
 On either side this glittering *Tapestry* stand  
 The trees of life, whose boughs bow to the hand.  
 There's neither *Sun*, nor *Moon* in that bright  
 Sphere,  
 Hee that lent them their light himselfe shines  
 there.  
 There's none that watch, nor none that guard  
 relieves,

What need there? since theres neither night, nor  
 theere.

Theres nothing grieves, no being all amott,  
 Darkness and Death, are strangers in that court,  
 Envy, Backbiting, Malice, and Disgrace,  
 Sorrow and Sickness, dwell not in that place,  
 Without are dogs, nothing that is uncleane  
 Hath any part, in that *Celestiall* scene.

But Meekness, Faith, and joy, and Cordiall love,  
 Such are the stars, in that bright orb that move,  
 There they for ever feast their eyes on thee,  
 On whom one glance, eternal life would be.

How shall I hope sufficiently to adore  
 Those living powers, in thy *Celestiall* quire?  
 Those thousand thousands that attend upon  
 The radiant throne, of thy all glorious Sonne?

Angells, Archangells, Cherubins, and Thrones,  
 Amzing Seraphim, and Dominions,  
 Which in thy highest presence allwayes sit,  
 Enjoying happiness next to infinite.  
 Any of which descending from his story,  
 Would exstacy, and kill us with his glory.

Here close your lids my daring eyes, lest yee,  
 Where angells hide their faces, be too free:  
 Lord how I reach, and roame tuncertaine heaven;  
 Whilst I am eyes of mine own selfe bereayn?

O take  
 Through

Take these fetters! take these clogs from mee:  
 Take these scales from mine eyes, that I may see  
 Thy tabernacle, Thy Hierusalem;  
 VVell thou heavens Monarch, hast prepar'd for  
 them

That love, and feare thee: Ah me! when shall I  
 Come and appeare before thy Majesty?  
 VVhere ere thou beest, let me but see thy face;  
 I'll ask no other heaven, no other place:  
 If thou descend into th' abyss below,  
 My soule shall wish no other heaven to know:  
 VVhere thou art, heaven is: 'tis not the resort  
 Of Courtiers: But the King, that makes the  
 Court.

Thus have I taken paines, to shew ye that  
 VVhich is, I must confesse, I know not what.

### *My Core Fields.*

**T**his afternoon I met the tribe of Gad,  
 Running through Bedlam as they had been mad  
 Shuffling and shouldring at so strange a rate,  
 As if they strove to enter the strait gate.  
 VVith that seeing the confus of the traine  
 I could not choose but make a Turne againe  
 And down the street making my wayes, my Oares  
 I row'd to *My Core Fields*, where I found more whorres  
 Gentle, and simple, then a man could meet;  
 Either in Turn ball, or in Turn up Street  
 Satting and Silk, and Peticoats brocado  
 Marcht like an Amazonian armado,  
 Furious as your French troops, scarce ere a wench  
 But by her out side, shew her inside French.

Some

Some zealous Glr Lenz shew their wares,  
that even

By being Cuckolds, they might go heaven.  
It made me laugh to see their sweeping trailles  
In spite of Barbarus puffes, powder their tailles.  
O how the lecherous dult did vaught and rise  
✓ Twixt the crosse Chevrines of their foaming  
thighs.

So light were they, so given to the Tap  
VWhat men would not, the very winds took up.  
VWith that said I, now too too well perceive I,  
Y'are not the tribe of God alone, But Levi.

Meane while the trees in such even order grow,  
They seem'd a second Paddy after row.  
They raild in-graffe plot as a spacious shop  
Of Summer weeds for Virgins was set ope.

And many gallants came from out the towne  
Thither, to give their Ladies a green-Gowne.  
Here is great wraffling, Boyes, and men, and all  
And here and there, a woman takes a fall;  
Venter on which you please, if men you like,  
Know then they sayle close by the Wind-mill strike.  
If you from men, to women be departed,  
You shall not faile to meet them in the quarters.  
And therefore if your purpose that way stand  
Goe see for them; when you can see your hand  
And to your work (my friend) tis Country play  
✓ Not by the belt but sek, catch that catch may.  
Be not discourag'd for the duske night.  
Be not so dark, He warrant you a light.

More of these fields if you desire to know,  
Faith I have as ne my turne; And to much  
you.

Upon

*Upon the Sickness, and recovery of  
a faire and fairely promised*

L A D T.

**B**Ut hadst thou Death such hopes alive,  
Thy fate could ever thrive,  
In flatt'ring her  
T' her Sepulher,  
From her approaching bridall bed,  
Alas! thy hopes are dead.  
Dead as thy selfe  
Unwelcome else,  
But would you faine forestall, forsooth  
The sweets of bloomy youth?  
Your fate is cold  
And you too bold,  
Suffice it long time hence that thou  
Bath in her aged snow,  
Couldst thou her send  
To thy dark bed?  
Her orient Eye would shoot a ray  
Should make thy midnight day;  
As though the Sun  
Did thither run,  
And all his rutilous Jewells set  
In that close Cabinet.  
Then should mourner  
See joyes morning:  
Then palest ashes should revive  
And Death be made alive.  
VVhilst we, blind wee,  
It wee would see.

Must all our light Cymmerian like,  
 From finite busomes strike;  
 But thanks to Heaven,  
 Death is bereaven:  
 Th' Eclipse is past, and beauties light  
 Ha's banisht dead of night.  
 See, see the love,  
 Of heaven above,  
 For we have here Gods blessings got  
 And the warme Sun to boot,  
 O let us show  
 Low as earth bow,  
 And gratefull sacrifices give,  
 To him that here said, let her live.

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*To a Gentleman desiring mee to write a  
 Paper of Verses upon his sitting  
 whilst the Painter was  
 drawing his Picture.*

**A**ND Poet too? must you your figure see  
 In silent, and in speaking poeie?  
 I could admit this double task, in case  
 You had like *Janus* too a double face.  
 Say, is it your desire? whilst he does take  
 Your superficiall lineaments, I should make  
 Your vertues image? Is it this you mean?  
 I must like *Momus* have a Casement then,  
 Or feare you men will say you are a creature,  
*Narcissus* like in love with your own feature?  
 And therefore have the Painter to produce,  
 A colour: And the Poet an excuse:

Come

Come be advis'd by mee, go to your wife,  
 He warrant you your Picture to the life.  
 Here you compose your countenance, And set  
 Whilst it may be shee's drawing your counterseit.  
 Come the true way of lively like commanding  
 Is never done by sitting, But by standing.

*Pers. — Pictoribus atque Poetis  
 Quidlibet audienti semper fuit aqua potestas.*

*To an impudent Scold that perpetually haunts  
 her Husband, and not only abuseth  
 him but what soever Com-  
 pany is with him.*

**W**oman (but may I call thee so, and not  
 Forfeit that little judgment I have got?  
 Is't not enough you're ugly, but beside  
 Your ill shape you must be ill quality'd?  
 I had suppos'd that such a one as you  
 Whose face a winning feature never knew  
 A woman (if that appellation may  
 Be yet allow'd) made of the coarsest clay;  
 And of a fabrick so imperfect as't  
 Is well concluded nature was in haste.  
 I had suppos'd I say, that such a brute,  
 Had cause more then enough to have been mute  
 At least shee should if shee had silence broke,  
 With *Salams* Affe but once, and wisely spoke.  
 But you unlock the thunder of your voice,  
 And twenty Iron Mills make not more noyse,  
 VWhen you begin the clamour of your prate  
 You make the rabulous rout at Billings-gate.

Mute as their Fish: VVere you my wife forsooth,  
 I should lock up the Barn-doores of your mouth.  
 Or ferret-like, tow't up, 'My wife said I?  
 Some Planet first dispatch me from the skie.  
 Ide ransack beds of clay, and light upon  
 The Devill in a new fallne scleton.  
 Or what in man, or Hells invention worse is  
 Them think of the, Of thee thou curse of Curses.  
 O wretch thy Husband, O infortunate.  
 I drowne mine Eyes in sorrow for his fate.

I finde in story an enchanted Lasse  
 All day a Hagge: All night an angell was  
 His luck poor man is worse, for meeting you  
 Hee's haunted with a Hagge day and night too;  
 For when abroad in this sad plight he goes  
 Seeking some corner to unbreast his woes;  
 You follow him hot foot, and range about  
 Beating all bushes till you finde him out.  
 And when hee once but in your sight appears,  
 You spend, And with full cry confound his eares,  
 And ours too, who admire what you intend him  
 VVhether to bait him, or to apprehend him.  
 Thus like *Alicen* with affrights hedg'd round  
 Hee flies the furie of his owne seince hound.

We know your language you Tartarian whore  
 That use to play bo-peep at Tavern dore.  
 Peaking for pimping rascalls, and when ere  
 You feare discovery, what's my Husband here?  
 Thus you obstreperous strumpet, Thus you must  
 Make your poore Husband cloak for your base lust.  
 Come, come, the proverb yet did never faile,  
 They that are quick of tongue, are quick of taile.  
 And I too plainly see, (though I am loth  
 To be too publick) you are quick of both.  
 Ile blast you with contempt if ere you come  
 To ask for Husband henceforth in my roome,

And

And teare your tongue from rooffe and roots if ere  
 I heare againe, What is my Husband here.  
 And to the Company speak a word unmeet  
 Wee'l kikk you through the Gantlet of our feet.

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G 3 The

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T A B L E,

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